



THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OR

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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CHRONICLE.

MORLEY and Moonlighting" was still the cry in some parts of Ireland at the end of last week; but on Sunday Mr. WILLIAM REDMOND bewailed Mr. MORLEY's hard-heartedness towards the dynamiters—persons who "have injured no man and broken no law," says Mr. WILLIAM pathetically. Sir WILFRID LAWSON was in merry (though, of course, unalcoholic) pin at Keswick, and the Gladstonians of South Leeds faithfully "bashed" the Labour candidate and his partisans. This day week Mr. GLADSTONE told somebody in Wales that he must not make any more speeches. Had the Cabinet protested in a body? Meanwhile the facts of his famous Cwmllan speech about the Welsh Land question are being pulled to pieces; and, as its argument never was worth a straw, it is not quite clear what remains.—On Monday morning the imprisoned Father HUMPHREYS (whom Mr. MORLEY, doubtless in that same hurry of business which has made him reconsider his Western tour, had forgotten to let out) appeared in Court in a comparatively rational and respectful mood, and applied for adjournments, which were granted him. Mr. HERBERT GARDNER was returned unopposed for North Essex.—On Wednesday morning the chief Gladstonian newspaper implored its readers "not to take disturbances 'in Ireland too seriously'" (this is the old "don't dis-courage friends" with a vengeance), and suggested that the wicked Irish landlords are selecting this moment for evicting the people into frenzy. Now the Irish landlords, who are not, as a rule, a body much complimented either by friends or enemies, really ought to be obliged to the *Daily News* for its opinion of their chivalry, though, perhaps, the compliment is a little discounted by the slur on their intelligence. For, according to this view, they risked the loss of their arrears, at a time when they could undoubtedly have got them, in order to oblige Mr. BALFOUR, and have begun to press for them at a time when the getting may be made practically impossible at any moment by the action of Mr. MORLEY.—The nomination for South Leeds on Tuesday resulted in the Gladstonian and Conservative candidates, Mr. WALTON and Mr. NEVILLE, being left face to face, owing to an informality in Mr. MAHON's nomination paper.—Father

HUMPHREYS was returned for trial on Wednesday, at the same time that Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY was making a hideous revelation of the "g-g-g-rande trahison" of the permanent officials of Dublin Castle. New liveries have to be made for the VICEROY's household, and the Controller has given the job to a Tory and an Orangeman. In vain has Ireland helped Mr. GLADSTONE to obtain a majority, the iron—the Orange goose iron—of slavery pollutes the breeches of Lord HOUGHTON's footmen, and—which is still less tolerable—the pockets of the accused will swell with Lord HOUGHTON's gold.—On Thursday the Gladstonian candidate retained Sir LYON PLAYFAIR's seat at Leeds by a largely decreased majority—less than a thousand, as against more than fifteen hundred in July—which latter figure was itself a decrease from much more than two thousand in 1885. Mr. NEVILLE, therefore, has every reason for "sticking to it."

Foreign and Speculations were published last week (on Colonial Affairs) the well-known principle of the ill wind as to the possibility of Trieste replacing Hamburg as an outlet for the trade of the centre of Europe; there was more news of the AMEER's difficulties in Afghanistan, but very little else.—The Indian news of Monday morning was pretty good, it being announced that the AMEER had expressed willingness to withdraw his troops from Wana and Waziristan, and (though still "not to-day") to meet Lord ROBERTS very shortly. Economic matters, the little troubles in the Black Mountain to the west and the Chin Hills to the east, the Chitral succession, and some other matters also figured. A very long and circumstantial account was published of the earlier violences by Russian ships on English sealers, while in Russia itself the semi-official papers were candidly admitting that there never was anything less scientific than Colonel YANOFF's expedition, repeating the Khokand "bluff," and at the same time mildly dropping a hint that an equitable delimitation of the Pamirs might, perhaps, now be arrived at. No time like the present; if Lord ROSEBERY is man enough for the occasion. Some Chauvinists of Germany attempted to raise a cry over the annexation of the Gilbert Islands; but a plain tale, even in their own country, put them down.—If it is true (and it is at least not improbable) that Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN, the well-known officer of the Congo State, has

made his way to the Nile, it deserves very serious consideration from those who control the affairs of Egypt.—On Sunday M. CARNOT spoke very handsomely of the Republic. The earliest of all recorded critics would probably have pointed out that this handsome speech is not exactly "for naught."—Except repetitions, still not official, of the reported action of Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN on the Nile, there was little in Tuesday morning's foreign news. LOUIS KOSSUTH, a brave but not very wise man, had attained his ninetieth year. With regard to the Russian action towards sealers in the North Pacific, which has deservedly attracted a good deal of indignation in England, it is very desirable to remember one thing. It is an old trick when you want to get something out of a person to make more than one demand, or pick more than one quarrel. Then, after boxing it about a little, you can afford a magnanimous surrender or compromise on one head in order to obtain, as if on fair gif-gaf principles, concession on the other. It is not entirely impossible that something of this kind is at the bottom of the alleged brutality of Captain DE LEVRON.—On Wednesday morning it was announced that one of the Chitral claimants had blocked the road from Gilgit; but Colonel DURAND is likely to keep a good look-out in that direction. Mr. BLAKE, M.P., who is not a prophet with all his countrymen, had been, as was natural, enthusiastically received by the Toronto Irish. Colonel DODDS and the French Expedition were making cautious progress in Dahomey, and there was still trouble over Cork butter at Lisbon.—On Thursday morning reports came of a farewell dinner given by representatives of the Indian army to Lord ROBERTS, and of a train-robbing and wrecking exploit in America. Five deaths and many injuries occurred, while apparently the robbers got no booty. General BRIALMONT, fortifier-general to Europe, having been called in to advise on the Dardanelles, has, as advisers generally do in such case, reported present arrangements entirely useless, and advised an outlay of two millions sterling. Colonel DODDS's success in Dahomey appears to be greater than was at first reported. The Parisians have been employed in a Republican fête. Perhaps September is rather an odd month to choose; for, though Valmy be a creditable and the meeting of the Convention a memorable date, there are certain other September memories which we should have thought all but a few Republicans would rather hide. However, Paris thought differently, and, being not ill at fêtes, celebrated the "centenary of the proclamation of the Republic" with great pomp on Thursday, to the huge delight of English Radicals, who took advantage of the occasion to show the extent of their impudence or their ignorance by speaking slightly of the Terror.—Statues have been erected during the week to LESAGE at Vannes, and to Fra PAOLO (detested of Jesuits and Ultramontanes, and beloved of historical students) at Venice.

Meetings. The Dockers' Congress and the meeting of the Sanitary Institute came to an end last week; both, as it happened, with addresses to the working classes. Professor CORFIELD, however, and Mr. BURNS, who were the two speakers, naturally differed a little in their points of view.—The chief place this week among meetings and congresses has been taken by the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Newport, and the Iron and Steel Institute at Liverpool; the former presided over by Sir ALBERT ROLLIT, the latter by Sir FREDERICK ABEL. There has also been a musical festival at Cardiff.

The Law Courts. The so-called court-martial on Mr. MABB, the engineer of the *Sharpshooter*, ended, in the only way in which it possibly could end, by an honourable acquittal for the person who was "accused" of having done the best with, and succeeded in bringing

into port, the rotten vessel with which the Admiralty had entrusted his captain. But how about the court-martial on the Admiralty itself for sending to sea ramshackle boxes of complicated and badly-made machinery, each piece of which plays "Pull devil," "pull baker" with all the other pieces?—What is called the Literary Fraud case (which, by the way, would properly mean something in the SHAPIRA or IRELAND line, while it is impossible to imagine anything or anybody much more unliterary than most of the things and persons concerned) began on Monday, the Common Serjeant having refused an application to split up the charges.—The man accused of what is called the Althorp murder was committed for trial at Northampton on Monday.—An unlucky incident happened at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday, when BANBURY, the man charged with murdering a girl at Walworth, was found guilty. The foreman of the jury, in accompanying the verdict with a recommendation to mercy, informed the judge that two of his colleagues were deaf, and had only very partially, if at all, heard the evidence, so that Mr. Justice COLLINS was obliged to reserve the case for a new hearing. A collection, said to be an unusually fine one, of the tools of art called burglars' implements was secured by the police this week (together with some of the artists) in Belgrave Place.—The forgery charges resulting from the very remarkable PARK will case, which made much noise some time ago, were part heard on Thursday.

Sport. At the end of last week, cricket and yachting in England being finally over, the sporting columns of the newspapers became unusually empty. In the North, however, yachting still showed some signs of life, and on this day week the Royal Highland Yacht Club had a good regatta in Oban Bay, the principal prize for yachts in cruising trim, the Town Challenge Cup, being won by the *Samana*, after a good fight with the once well-known *Irex*, now called *Mabel*, the *May* (which, had she won, would have held the Cup, as she gained it last year and the year before), the racing forty *Thalia*, rated for this occasion at 59, and three smaller boats.—On the Turf the Leicester and Manchester Meetings have this week supplied valuable prizes and some good sport, the principal event, however, being the Lancashire Plate, one of the modern ten-thousand-pounders, which is to be decided to-day.—There was no interest in the first day of the Leicester Meeting; but on the second the Royal Handicap (unfortunately run in wretched weather) brought out a field of twenty-two, and was very well contested. It went, not to one of the favoured ones, but to Mr. HAMAR BASS's *Rusticus*, who won it last year, but who started this year at 25 to 1.—There was plenty of very fair racing at Manchester on Thursday, but nothing that calls for special comment.

Miscellaneous. The Clerk of the Weather, entirely disregarding a terrible threat addressed to him on Tuesday morning by a Gladstonian paper ("The weather was very unpropitious yesterday: and unless there is an improvement it is not likely that Mr. Gladstone will prolong his stay" at Barmouth), has behaved very badly this week, and rather despairing reports come from most parts of England as to the final clearings up of the harvest, which are bad everywhere. Wheat is the worst crop, barley bad, and oats least unsuccessful; with root crops in many places gone chiefly to leaf, and beans simply not worth harvesting.—On Wednesday Mr. Justice SCOTT, legal adviser to the Egyptian Government, being presented with the freedom of Wigan, his native town, gave an interesting sketch of judicial reform in Egypt.—At the Kidderminster Town Council this week attention was drawn to the fearful cholera possibilities involved in the use of Eastern rugs

and carpets, and the dreadful things which happen when bales of them are opened. One Town Councillor asserted that he would rather have a "tigress roaming unchained about" his house than, let us say, a Daghستان rug or a Broussa praying-mat in it. The warning is doubtless kindly meant, but it might have been more effective if it had come from some other place than Kidderminster, which is, perhaps, not strictly impartial.

Correspondence. The accession last week, at the end, of a more than Septembrial dulness in all departments of news, helped the letter-writers to space, but hardly to the selection of any new or really important subject. In reply to Mr. HENSON on Monday, the Bishop of WORCESTER was rather petulant than convincing; but it was really bad luck for him that he and an independent supporter of his views fell out, just like the Elders in *Presb. v. Susannah*, as to the date of the insistence by the Church of England on Episcopal orders as necessary to the valid administration of the Sacraments. "Dates from Oxford some-where about 1840," says the Bishop, loftily: "Act of Uniformity, 1662," says the other Elder, most coincidentally and unfortunately.—The district surveyor for Bloomsbury called attention usefully enough to the dangers from fire which the British Museum runs from its being huddled up with other buildings.—It was announced on Wednesday morning that the *Foudroyant* is still to be had for a reasonable consideration; and an ingenious suggestion was made that the Amazon Valley should be colonized with elephants.—M. PAUL BARBIER, of University College, Cardiff, with that agreeable pudibundity which often marks Frenchmen, is dreadfully shocked because *The Tempest* has been set for the Oxford Local Examinations. M. BARBIER thinks that in this work of the abandoned WILLIAMS "there are passages which a teacher who respects himself and his class cannot interpret without losing all sense of modesty and shame," and he suggests the substitution of CHAUCER'S Tales. The more CHAUCER and the more SHAKSPEARE both people read the better; but is not the suggested change, from M. BARBIER'S own point of view, a little odd? The Wife of Bath, now, and MIRANDA, delicate ARIEL and hasty NICHOLAS—how do these pairs look together to a "teacher" who is thus sensitive? But, then, "we don't understand these things," as Mr. Midshipman EASY says.

Obituary. Cardinal HOWARD, who died last week, was a remarkable person in other ways than merely as a Prince of the Roman Church. He was a member of the family of which everybody who bears its name is not a member; he had been a Lifeguards-man before being a Cardinal, and he was a not inconsiderable scholar, besides, according to all accounts, being able to play his ecclesiastical part with equal good sense and dignity.—M. EMIL BEHNKE was a teacher of singing of considerable eminence.—In the late M. DAUBRAY France has lost one of the most considerable of those of her actors who were for this reason or that not admitted to the Français. The Bouffes Parisiennes and the Palais Royal were the chief scenes of M. DAUBRAY'S successes, which were chiefly obtained in the lightest parts.—Mr. CROOM ROBERTSON was long known as editor of *Mind* and as Professor of Philosophy and Logic at University College, London. He received this appointment (which he but recently resigned) at a very early age, and many people will probably be surprised to learn that he was only fifty at his death.—The Duke of SUTHERLAND was known in many ways, not least as a very energetic improver of his vast Scottish property, who spared neither pains nor money over the business.—Mr. WYBRANTS OLPHERT, who died at a great age—not much the worse for the villainous persecution to which he was

subjected—will be known to history as having been selected for a target by the Land League. They put himself to some straits, and his tenants in many cases to great hardship; they murdered Inspector MARTIN; and the upshot of it all was that the tenants, only the other day, came in on his own terms.

Books, &c. This week a translation has at last appeared of Dr. IBSEN's *Peer Gynt*, by the indefatigable brothers ARCHER (London: SCOTT). There are those who, perhaps not wrongly, hold *Peer Gynt*, which was written before IBSEN suffered much from Ibsenism, to be the best of his works, and it certainly must have been about the most difficult to translate.—Mr. MONCURE CONWAY has undertaken the exceedingly difficult business of whitewashing TOM PAINE, with whose bones, as COBBETT (a stronger man than Mr. CONWAY) found long ago, it is not good to meddle admiringly, in *The Life of Thomas Paine* (PUTNAM'S Sons), and Captain MOCKLER-FERRYMAN has produced a useful and interesting volume entitled *Up the Niger*, which is worth reading just now (London: PHILIP).

IRELAND.

IT has, apparently, not yet occurred to any Gladstonian member to resign his seat since the Irish Executive revoked the outstanding proclamations under the Crimes Act. Yet, among all those tender consciences, there must be some, one would think, which feel uneasy at the recollection of the votes won by filling the ears of ignorant English electors with talk about "perpetual coercion." Is there really no Gladstonian who recalls with any compunction the indignant contrast which he was wont to draw between the Crimes Acts of his revered leader, which simply expired by effluxion of time, and that of the late Government, which could never (so he said) for all time be removed from the necks of the Irish people without the assent of the House of Lords? A few of them, probably, may have known as little about the matter as their hearers, though, considering Mr. BALFOUR's own action with respect to all but a fraction of Ireland, they could certainly plead little excuse for their ignorance; but of course the overwhelming majority of those who circulated this spurious electioneering coin were perfectly well aware that the Crimes Act of 1887 was, according to their own account now, repealable by a stroke of the Executive pen, and the only course open to them, as men of honour, is to restore to their constituents a trust which was obtained from them by representations involving so important an element of the fraudulently false.

In the meantime it is becoming daily more and more clear that there will be nothing in the immediate results of this latest move of Mr. MORLEY's to compensate him for the extreme doubtfulness of its ulterior consequences. It is exactly one of those flashy strokes of so-called conciliatory policy which might possibly serve some purpose in England on the eve of a General Election, but for which no Irishman of any way of thinking is likely to give a "Thank you." The simple fact of the matter is that no one in Ireland, whether Parnellite or Anti-Parnellite, agitator or tool of agitators, cared two straws whether the last outstanding proclamations under the Crimes Act were revoked or not. Outrage and disorder, moonlighting and boycotting, may again become weapons necessary to the effective prosecution of the Nationalist campaign; but too free resort to them at this moment would be obviously premature; and seeing, further, that, if and when they have to be resorted to, the Crimes Act of 1887, thanks to the late Government, will lie ready to the hands of their successors, the Nationalist of either party has little cause to feel grateful to Mr. MORLEY for the

relaxation of restraints which the pressure of English public opinion might, and in fact certainly would, compel him, upon any serious recrudescence of crime in Ireland, to reimpose. In the view of Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites alike, it is much more to the point to see which of the two parties can pose the more impressively as the friends of the evicted tenants and the enemies of evicting landlords; and we may take it as pretty certain that, for some time to come, at any rate, this competition will be found engrossing enough to engage most of their political energies.

It is, however, a competition which is like to prove embarrassing in the highest degree to the new CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD LIEUTENANT of IRELAND. Mr. MORLEY must have found in the little incident of Father HUMPHREYS's committal for contempt of Court the other day an unpleasant foretaste of what is in store for him. None of his Irish political friends, it is true, have gone quite so far as to say that this particular "beloved pastor" should have been protected by the Executive from the consequences of a refusal to apologize for having denounced the Court before which he was appearing as a "partial" Court, and for having called one of the witnesses a "deliberate 'perjurer.'" Yet there is, nevertheless, an uneasy feeling in the minds of all true Nationalists that this is a sort of thing which ought not to happen when a GLADSTONE Government is in power. It might be too much, perhaps, to expect Mr. MORLEY to liberate the imprisoned priest, and to remove the removable magistrates who committed him to gaol; but then how comes it, they ask, that the removable magistrates ever had the audacity to commit the beloved pastor at all? Nor has a Gladstonian any right to find this question so monstrous as to any decent non-political Englishman it ought by rights to appear. For years past the baser sort among them—not, we deeply regret to say, without some half-countenance from men in the position of Mr. MORLEY himself—have gone up and down the country declaring that the Irish removable magistrate is the mere subservient instrument of the Irish Executive, and indirectly, therefore, the obedient servant of the English political party by whom that Executive is for the time being controlled. And, having so diligently and successfully laboured to fix Mr. BALFOUR with responsibility for all the anti-popular judicial acts of these tribunals, they can hardly complain if the same measure is meted out to Mr. BALFOUR'S successors. No scandal of actual removal, or even threat of removal, was necessary under the late Government, reflects the Nationalist, to make the Removable do the good pleasure of the Castle. He understood his duty without any such coarse reminder; and what, then, are the new men at the Castle about that he does not seem to understand it now?

Fortunately for Mr. MORLEY this difficulty has been of but short duration. It has been brought to a natural end by the expiration of Father HUMPHREYS's term of commitment; but the trouble awaiting the CHIEF SECRETARY from another quarter threatens to be far more serious and prolonged. Actuated, according to the comical Gladstonian theory, by anxiety to "embarrass the Government," many of those Irish landlords who have been lying longest out of their rents are beginning to press for them, and as the winter draws on evictions are likely to multiply. They were going on, of course, all through Mr. BALFOUR'S régime, as the Nationalists, now so impudently asserting the contrary, of course know well; and even, if the particular landlords who are newly taking action could afford to wait longer without either land or rent, the inducement to them to do so is not very obvious. One doubts whether, if the Abyssinian ox were suddenly gifted with intelligence, he would at once per-

ceive the duty of obeying a request to stand still for the convenience of those who wish to cut another slice from his flanks. The law, so long as there is a law, will continue to be appealed to in Ireland by the landlord creditor against his insolvent debtor; and Mr. MORLEY will continue to be called upon to "lend the 'forces of the Crown'" to assist the execution of legal process. Mr. HEALY, of course, is as well aware as Mr. REDMOND that the CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD LIEUTENANT has no more choice in the matter than any private of the Royal Irish Constabulary. But the tenants to be evicted, and thousands of other tenants all over Ireland, have been industriously and successfully persuaded that he has; and alas! the present CHIEF SECRETARY, as he must be now remembering with remorse and self-reproach, has countenanced, not only by silence, but by ambiguous utterances, the pretence that he has. And seeing that neither Mr. HEALY nor Mr. REDMOND can afford to be outdone by the other in assurances to the tenants that, whether with or without an autumn Session (Mr. REDMOND says "with," and therefore Mr. HEALY is bound to contend for "without"), HER MAJESTY'S Government can and ought to prevent them from being turned out of their holdings, Mr. MORLEY's position and, what is more, his Irish popularity, that invaluable asset of the Gladstone Government, will be more and more seriously threatened as the weeks roll on.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* has from its beginning discharged, among other functions, that of the interpreter of England to France. Just anticipating in its birth the Revolution of July, it was for many years an intelligent commentator on the experiment of transplanting Constitutional Monarchy across the Channel. Its writers have often known, through books and in history, a great deal more of English institutions than the majority of English journalists. It still retains this honourable characteristic. An article in its current number upon the English elections of August exhibits a knowledge both of the mechanism of our English Parliamentary system and the conditions of opinion and personal influence under which it works, which, if they existed in the newspaper offices of London and our greater towns, would obviate many a ludicrous blunder. To say that it is written by M. AUGUSTIN FILON is to say this, and to imply much more than this. The catastrophe of 1870, which brought M. FILON to England as the preceptor of the PRINCE IMPERIAL, gave him an opportunity of studying English institutions, manners, politics, and literature, of which he has thoroughly availed himself. The article on the English Elections, while explaining forms and methods which are assumed as known, without being really known, in ordinary English discussion, gathers together details for the information of foreign readers which, collected, give a general view of the working of our system, and of the particular controversies at issue, which English readers may profitably contemplate.

M. FILON is naturally impressed with the change which has come over English elections since the turbulence of the hustings and of open voting disappeared before the nomination papers and the Ballot. The picturesque historian and the more picturesque artist have lost their opportunity. The election humours, of which the record has been kept by "cette légion de 'crayons moqueurs qui s'est perpétuée sans interruption de WILLIAM HOGARTH à TOM [sic] LEECH," have expired. Alas! Poor TOM LEECH! "Poor Tom's a 'cold!'" and he has no successor. M. FILON describes

with some humour the proceedings of the *canevasseurs*, whose method seems to be much what it was in the time of Eatanswill and Mr. PERKER, and of the *canevasseuses* who have come into existence since that day. He is especially impressed with the zeal and enthusiasm exhibited by Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Mrs. H. M. STANLEY, and Miss BEATRICE POTTS. In speaking of the Labour party, the fantastic mountebankism of Mr. KEIR HARDIE, sarcastically known among his friends as Mr. QUEER HARDIE, seems to have made a considerable impression on him. It is possible that TOM LEECH, Miss BEATRICE POTTS, and Mr. KEIR HARDIE are creations of the French composer. It would be unfair to impute them to M. FILON. If English composers, deciphering Mr. LABOUCHERE's handwriting, could misread "silly" into "senile," errors incapable of correction by the context may be excused to French typographers in dealing with English proper names.

M. FILON shows considerable sense in his estimate of the influences which decided the late election. He speaks of the sentence in which Lord TENNYSON described himself as loving Mr. GLADSTONE, but hating his policy, as one of the finest lines—though it was not a verse—which he had ever written. He has a clear discernment that something like this is the attitude of the electorate. They are captivated by Mr. GLADSTONE, but they are indifferent to, if they do not hate, his policy. The secret lies in the sort of magnetism which Mr. GLADSTONE exercises over people. He fascinates everybody, because he is interested in everybody and in everything. His mental attitude is sympathetic, apprehensive, absorbent, instead of being merely critical, analytic, repellent, as M. FILON conceives that of Lord SALISBURY to be. M. FILON, who is obviously himself antipathetic to the late Prime Minister, indirectly admits that, if the judgment of the country had gone on the merits of the case, the issue of the General Election would have been different. The Ministry of Lord SALISBURY has earned an honest name. It has been lucky; but to be lucky is the chief merit of a statesman. Luck is capacity (M. FILON is speaking, not we). "Heureuse, " la politique financière de M. GOSCHEN; heureuse, " la politique irlandaise de M. BALFOUR; heureuse, la " politique extérieure de Lord SALISBURY." There has been no Isandula, no Majuba Hill, no death of GORDON. But Mr. GLADSTONE has a legend, made up largely of the felling of trees and the reading of lessons in church, and Lord SALISBURY has no legend, "Or, sans légende, " point de popularité." It is true that in this legend there is a large infusion of *badauderie*, *moutonnerie*, and a kind of latent *boulangisme*; but, whatever the elements, they combine into a something which CARLYLE has dignified by the name of hero-worship. M. FILON seems to have been subjected to the Gladstonian magnetism, and to be a little ashamed of it when he thus analyses its elements. Divided between his admiration for Mr. MORLEY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he scarcely ventures to take a side in the great controversy of the century. But it is clear to observers that the conflict in his mind is between an attractive charlatanism which his reason rejects, and a cold sagacity which wounds certain sentimental prepossessions.

THE SHARPSHOOTER COURT-MARTIAL.

THE court-martial on Chief-Engineer MABB supplies a curious pendant to the court-martial on Captain HULTON and his brother officers. That trial showed that the spirit in which the naval manœuvres are carried on has not always a wholesome influence on the officers engaged in them. This affords no less conclusive evidence that the Admiralty is liable to be

affected by them in an equally unfortunate way. It is impossible not to feel that the Admiralty has been over-persuaded, by a desire to send the greatest possible number of ships to sea, into commissioning a vessel which, in its present condition, is really unseaworthy. To put it in a figure, the crew of the *Sharpshooter* was sent out in a hen-coop, and Mr. MABB was court-martialed because the water came in. Witnesses were no doubt found to give their opinion that the vessel was structurally sound. But, read in connexion with the bulk of the evidence, this cannot be made to mean more than that the hull of the vessel is sound enough in build—if only it were free from certain weak spots. This of course means she is just as strong as the weak spots, and no stronger. By acquitting Mr. MABB of all responsibility either for the flooding of the stokehole, or for the bulging of No. 3 boiler, the Court, in fact, decided that these accidents by which the *Sharpshooter* was rendered useless were due to the inherent weakness of the vessel and her machinery.

Now, if this had been discovered for the first time, it would still be sufficiently discreditable. The Admiralty is bound to test its ships properly before it commissions them. But the breakdown of the *Sharpshooter* is no new thing. On the contrary, it is a very old story. She has broken down before, and has, indeed, in common with other vessels of the same class, a very bad reputation for weakness. The *Sharpshooter* is the result of a mania which seized our Admiralty (and some foreign Admiralties too) at one time. Vessels designed to attain a high speed were built light, and supplied with what it was supposed would prove very powerful engines. The attempt to combine lightness of structure with great power was repeated in the machinery. So soon, then, as the effort to use the full power of the engines was made, it was found that they not only strained the ship, but overstrained themselves. Cases of failure of this nature were, perhaps, inevitable here and there in such an experimental business as the building of warships has been for the last two generations; but it was very wasteful in the Admiralty not to make one vessel, and test her thoroughly before constructing a whole class. Still, that mistake was made, and is irreparable. Its magnitude might, indeed, cause it to have a certain value as an effectual warning.

What is quite unpardonable, and is also a glaring example of that penny-wise economy which, in the long run, is always so wasteful, is the obstinacy of the Admiralty in retaining the *Sharpshooter* on the list of efficient ships, and in sending her to break down in the manœuvres year after year. The *Sharpshooter* broke down last year—not so badly as she has broken down in this, to be sure, but only because the weather was then not so boisterous as it was on the 14th of last August. Yet nothing was done to her beyond a very little patching up. Naturally, therefore, as soon as this year's manœuvres began it was found that the "centrifugal " pump of the port engine was disabled," and Captain WELLS had to ask the senior officer to allow him to sail "under convoy." A scout and torpedo-boat-catcher which can only be trusted at sea under convoy is perhaps as complete an example as could well be provided of worthless superfluity. On the very day after she does go to sea, under convoy, the breakdown comes. The stokehole is flooded, owing to the inefficiency of the ashcocks. She was then twenty miles to windward of the Scillies, "blowing strong, with a "rough sea running." Captain WELLS got her under command by setting sail—a pretty telling criticism, by the way, on the opinion of the "scientific" persons who think sail superfluous in warships—but next morning, when they were abreast of the Wolf Light, the crown of No. 3 boiler comes down by its own inherent weakness, as the Court has found. This was only the finishing touch to a series "of some twenty

"defects discovered in the machinery from July 31 to August 16." We are not surprised to hear that Mr. MABB doubted from the first whether H.M.S. *Sharpshooter* could get through the manœuvres without a collapse, and that all who knew the qualities of the vessel agreed with her chief engineer. It is a farce to keep such a craft on the list of efficient warships at all. If she is not worth a thorough overhaul, the Admiralty had better cut its losses in connexion with her altogether. It will be the cheaper course in the long run, to say nothing of the danger that her nextfeat may be to drown a ship's company. Nobody will raise the least objection if she is sold to make tenpenny nails for the Pomeranians.

BELGIANS AT WADELAI.

IT is extremely important that a sharp eye should be kept on the movements, variously reported during the present week, of the large Congo Free State Expedition, known to be moving about on the upper waters of the Welle or Oubangi, under Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN. It has been positively asserted that the Captain has actually arrived and established himself at Wadelai, the former seat of EMIN Pasha's Government on the Upper Nile, and what may be called the southern capital of the Equatorial Province. On the other hand, the Belgian authorities are said to disclaim any knowledge of Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN's arrival there, and the most that they profess to be aware of is his establishment of posts and stations in Mambattu Land. We wish it were possible to induce a few Englishmen to turn to their maps and see for themselves what this means. It means something which we have constantly in these pages foretold, and the possible further consequences of which we have urged more than once or twice. If the Brussels account of the performances of the expedition is correct, there is nothing for formal objection, though the position is still unsatisfactory. The delimitation of the Congo State was unfortunately arrived at just at the fullest of the fit of disgust which made Englishmen willing that the Egyptian Soudan should go to the dogs or the Devil as it pleased. Accordingly, the parallel of 4° north, which was selected for the northerly boundary, turning southward at the 30th degree of longitude, included a great deal of territory—Nyam Nyam, Mambattu, A'Barmbo, and what not—which had actually within a year or two been under the sway of the Egyptian Governors of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, together (though it is fair to say that this was not known at the time for certain) with the great water-way of the Welle-Makua, the continuation of that tributary of the Congo which lower down is called the Oubangi. From the north-east corner of these regions the way into the Bahr-el-Ghazal proper and the Hat-el-Estiva, or Equatorial Province of Egypt, is perfectly easy. Or rather, as the recent publication of Dr. JUNKER'S Travels shows, the country is all one, and there is, unless there is some great stir among the native populations, not much more difficulty in getting from the Mambattu country to Wadelai than in getting from Norfolk to Yorkshire. Further, we know, from all the best authorities, with Major WINGATE at their head, that the great tide of Mahdism in the Soudan is distinctly on the ebb. It never flowed very fiercely in these out-of-the-way regions, which fell rather because their Egyptian rulers were so hopelessly cut off from Egypt and Europe than because the local Philistines were really too strong for them; and it is now lower than ever. Very likely, as BAKER and GESSI and others found, the region is easier to conquer than to hold; but that is for the present neither here nor there.

There are complications of divers kind, moreover, to be considered in the situation. In the first place, it seems to be asserted or hinted that there have, ever since the EMIN Pasha Expedition, been what Bailie JARVIE calls "trokings and brokings" between the persons now chartered as the British East Africa Company and the authorities of the Congo State which require explanation. This Company may be slandered, or it may simply be maladroit; but it must be owned that, if all tales are true, its proceedings have been the reverse of straightforward, and have been very dubiously patriotic. How it has played, and is playing, fast and loose with Uganda most people know who have paid the slightest attention to the subject, and it is at least accused of offering the Equatorial Province (to which it has never sent a man, and its claims on which are simply as vicegerent of the British Government) to King LEOPOLD. Nor does this exhaust the awkwardness. The French, in a not very effective fashion, hold that portion of Africa which intervenes between the right bank of the Oubangi and the coast of the Gaboon. Now it seems that they wish to construe this into a claim to the whole right bank of the Oubangi, which would practically bring them, as we have said, to the Nile, or within easy distance of it. Of course a great deal of water will flow down that and other streams before, even unopposed, they could do something which practically amounts to occupying the whole centre of Africa in its wildest parts. But it is not yet generally known in England how set the French are on getting a hold of Lake Tchad and the districts round it. The unmannerly intrusions of Lieutenant MIZON on the Niger, the constant excursions with great loss at the back of the Gaboon, and suchlike things, aided by a considerable expenditure of French Government money, are all prompted by the combined desire to cut off the Germans at the Cameroons, the English at the Niger, and the Belgians on the Congo from this central region; to enlarge and secure the already greatly extended "Soudan" "Français" (which a few years ago was but a name, and is now, as far as military operations go, the most actively held part of savage Africa); and, lastly, to satisfy a vague but eager hope to get at the head waters of the Nile as a *revanche* for England's position at its mouth. This part of the matter is no doubt, to a certain extent, day-after-to-morrow politics, but wise politicians do not take short views—at any rate, too short ones.

If, therefore, the Belgian exploring party are confining themselves within the limits actually, though perhaps unwisely, assigned to their State, there is no objection that can fairly be made to them. They may, indeed, do some good; for by late advices those pests the "Arab" and Manyuema slave-raiders were making their appearance in the neighbourhood of the Welle, and the Belgians will do a service if they can drive them back. It is also true that the Free State has plenty on its hands further south, and that, rich as King LEOPOLD is, he is probably too prudent to want to have the whole "middle-cut" of a continent on his hands at once. But, if his men have gone otherwise than as mere explorers to the Nile, they must be politely requested to go back. It would be well if some means could also be taken to intimate to France that the arrangement recently made with her distinctly fails to contemplate the presence of Frenchmen east of Lake Tchad. But, whether this can be done or not, one simple principle ought to guide Lord ROSEBERY. No civilized Power, except England and Egypt, can be allowed to fly its flag on a single foot of the course of the Nile from the Nyanzas to its mouth.

THE CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE.

THE members of the Associated Chambers at Newport have been employed in listening to heresies and fads with polite tolerance, and in disposing of them blandly in the manner least hurtful to the feelings of their supporters. They have been asked to patronize the decimal system, and have replied with dry humour that they think the decimal system very pretty, and hope the School Board children will be led to take an interest in it. This is a distinct improvement on the cautious formula of the representative of the Board of Trade. He said that the Board also has a friendly feeling for the decimal system, but thinks that any change in our ways of summing must be begun by the people. If the people will spontaneously put itself to an enormous inconvenience in order to introduce a change by which one class only—the foreign merchants—would benefit, and they in a slight degree, the decimal system will be put on its legs in this country. This also is our opinion. The motion of Mr. MASSEY of Hull, to the effect that the present system of holding general elections is disturbing to business, and that the returns should all be made on one day, was met with firmness and judgment. Let us put "the period should be considerably shortened," said the Chambers of Commerce, and they did put it. By this judicious formula the Chambers allowed that there was a good deal to be said for their friend Mr. MASSEY's view, and they also avoided committing themselves to approval of a suggestion which it would be difficult and costly to carry out.

Again, the Chambers showed how to say just enough for the occasion when called upon to vote on a motion made by the South of Scotland. The Chamber of that region moved that commercial union with the colonies is good, and that "this Association would, therefore, urge HER MAJESTY'S Government to take every possible opportunity of furthering this object, and as a means to this end to have the condition of our foreign treaties altered as soon as possible, which prevent our colonies from giving the goods of the Mother-country special privileges when they desire to do so." If the Associated Chambers of Commerce are never moved to sing "Nunc dimittis" until their eyes have seen a colony which desires to give special privileges to the mother-country, their days of contentment to live will be long in the land. Down to the word "object" this motion is no more than the expression of a pious opinion. Then it becomes a recommendation that HER MAJESTY'S Government should begin denouncing treaties which do at least secure her the most-favoured-nation treatment from foreign States, in the vague hope that some unspecified colony will, at some indefinite future time, give her an equivalent, of the exact nature of which nobody can form even an approximate guess. The Chambers of Commerce, being, we are sure, well aware that you cannot publicly recommend another person to behave in a rather particularly foolish manner, without displaying something of that weakness yourself, saw that this would never do. Yet they were commendably anxious not to hurt the feelings of the South of Scotland. So they stopped the motion short at the word "object," voted *nem. con.* for the pious opinion, and, wiping up the foolish practical suggestion, said nothing more about it.

But the Chambers displayed their faculty for handling the polite extinguisher most advantageously when they were asked to vote incompatible things about the depreciation of silver. They listened to one who was for a gold standard of value in India, and to another who said it could not be. They did not flinch from bimetallism. Wild men came from Lancashire who pro-

pounded doctrines which, if they mean anything, mean that Government can fix a ratio of 1 to 15—or to 5, for that matter—between gold sovereigns and old trouser-buttons by going to the trifling expense of stamping the buttons. The Chamber of Commerce sat like so many Roman senators in an invasion of the Gauls. At last there came one who plucked the associated commercial beard. He began to talk about the appreciation of gold. This was too much. Chambers of Commerce can be driven too far, and these were. Yet they did nothing unsenatorial. They only rose with gravity, and voted the previous question. The man who talked about the appreciation of gold was spared to dine that evening with the Newport Chamber of Commerce in the Albert Hall, and we trust he ate what was, no doubt, an excellent dinner, with a proper sense of the long-suffering kindness of his colleagues.

A WELSH PROFESSOR STUART?

M R. GLADSTONE has discovered with "surprise" and pain that there is a Welsh land grievance. With surprise, because he never expects to find a convenient question to raise at the very moment when he wants one; and with "pain," because it distresses him to have to punish anybody, even the oppressor, and he would far rather that Welsh landlords should have behaved generously to their tenants than that he should have to cut a slice off their property for (as he alleges) behaving otherwise, even though by so doing he can induce twenty-eight Welsh members to let him defer despoiling a Church until he has dismembered a kingdom. His "pain," in fact, resembles that which found expression through the lips of that Western hero who exclaimed, "Am I never to enter this township without having to shoot a man?" It is quite in this spirit that Mr. GLADSTONE asks himself despairingly whether he is never to inquire into a landlord's treatment of (Gladstonian) tenants without finding himself compelled to confiscate some of his rents.

But, just as it is possible that the inhabitants of the Western township may have refused to submit quietly to the fatality thus deplored by their visitor, so it seems that the Welsh landlords, on their part, do not propose to "take it lying down." The Government will find, writes Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST with spirit, "that they have a more united and more determined body to deal with than they had to oppose in Ireland." And both this large landowner, speaking for North Wales, and Mr. LORT PHILLIPS and Lord SUDELEY, testifying for the southern half of the Principality, are agreed that the phenomena which surprised and pained Mr. GLADSTONE simply do not exist. It is not the case that the average reduction of rent in Wales has been only 7 per cent., though it is the case that the larger reductions, being temporary, do not figure in the agricultural statistics. Further, it is not the case that the pinch of agricultural distress was felt on the Welsh grazing farms at the early period when tenants of English arable land were receiving, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, reductions of 24 per cent. from their landlords; and it is the case that, as soon as the distress did reach the Welsh farmers, they obtained, in addition to a substantial annual allowance, "in most cases a permanent reduction of rents of from 10 to 20 per cent." And, lastly, as to the "four Welsh counties in which Mr. GLADSTONE alleges that the landlords took advantage of the prevailing distress to actually raise rents," Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST would be glad to know their names, and Mr. GLADSTONE's authority for the statement. So would Mr. LORT PHILLIPS and the correspondent whose letter he quotes. So, too, we cannot doubt, would Lord SUDELEY. Mr. GLADSTONE, in the meantime, has only named one—

Carnarvonshire—and has not stated his sources of information as to that. Now, these sources of information are, it seems, twofold. The facts upon which he relies are derived partly from "public and authentic returns," which, as his correspondents have pointed out to him, he has misread or misunderstood, and partly from Mr. ELLIS, of the general value of whose "tips" we know nothing, but whom a good many of the Welsh landlords, according to Mr. CORNWALLIS WEST, illiberally believe to "know nothing about land." We shall probably not err in assuming that, while the misunderstood returns are responsible for Mr. GLADSTONE's conclusion that the Welsh rents have been only reduced by 7 per cent., it is to Mr. ELLIS that he is indebted for the particulars about the four Welsh counties in which rents have been raised. Hence the most interesting question of the moment is as to the amount of reliance which should be placed upon Mr. ELLIS's information. And here we are inevitably reminded that, though the "Welsh PARNELL" is a person of high credit in Gladstonian circles, Mr. GLADSTONE has not hitherto been fortunate in his informants. Can it be that the Welsh PARNELL is also the Welsh Professor STUART? and that the story of the four Welsh counties is even as the legend of the loaded rifle of Colonel DOPPING?

A CENTENARY AND A MORAL.

IT is very natural that the French should celebrate the centenary of the Republic of 1792; equally natural that they should ignore the break in the pedigree of the present Republic between the Day of the Sections and 1870, and even more natural that they should do their celebration with a certain display of ingratitude to some of their predecessors. The ingratitude which we observe in them is not shown towards the men of '89 or '92, or any such date. They have been thanked effusively for much that they did not do, and quite sufficiently for what they did. No; the ingratitude is shown to the old Monarchy which organized the French Administration. This Administration it was which enabled the country to survive the anarchy of the Revolution, and has kept it together since. To construct this great machine was, after all, a greater thing to do than to inherit it. Our French friends might remember that fact, and temper their jubilations with a little humility—they might, that is to say, if human nature were not human nature. We shall expect them to acknowledge it when we find an American ready to confess that, for a people who had been trained to law and order under the English Monarchy, and supplied, by England, with a vast fertile continent free from dangerous enemies, wherein to live at their ease, it has not been a very heroic feat to get along for a hundred years or so in a condition of purely material prosperity, broken by only one great civil war.

Since we are not inclined to laud the French to any great extent because they allowed their Monarchy to become rotten, and fell into a state of bloodthirsty anarchy which carried them directly to the despotism of perhaps the meanest and most essentially brutal adventurer who ever came to the top in a time of confusion, we are the more obliged to our sweet enemy the *Daily News* for supplying us with a little text for another kind of discourse. "Its La Vendée," says the *Daily News* of the French Revolution, "and its clearance of the Paris prisons, sickening as they were, still bore some trace of the milder manners of the time. They did not attain to the awful proportions of the St. Bartholomew, nor of the collective butcheries which attended our futile attempts to establish Protestantism in the Sister Isle." If we were French Republicans we should sincerely desire to be saved

from such defenders as this. The excuse is a common one, but a very damaging one none the less. If those who use it will look more critically, they may perhaps see as much for themselves. At the best it only amounts to saying that the people, in the act of getting rid of tyranny and superstition, did all those things which despots and bigots had done. It did them in a less degree, so the apologists say, because of a softening of manners which must have taken place under the rule of these same despots and bigots. To us, at least, this seems a very poor proof of the superior virtue of the people. As a matter of fact, the "traces of the milder 'manners of the time'" look rather faint on examination. If it were true—which it is not—that more people were killed in the St. Bartholomew than in the September Massacres, the Noyades, &c., we should still like to see in what way these modern transactions were milder than the old. As much ferocity can be shown in murdering ten as in murdering fifteen, and the *Daily News* would be put to it to find any single incident of the St. Bartholomew which excels the slaughter of the Princesse DE LAMBALLE in bestial savagery. The most damaging part of the *Daily News'* apology is in its tail—to wit, in the remarkable plea for the revolutionists, that they do not in a few months of massacre quite reach the figure attained by the brutal Saxon in the course of three centuries of "futile efforts to establish Protestantism in the Sister Isle." Let us allow that there were "collective butcheries" perpetrated for this purpose in the Sister Isle—what a set of colossal ruffians the French Revolutionists must have been when their apologists have to state in their favour that they did not, in the course of a few months, quite equal the brutal Saxon's three centuries of steady industry!

The curious thing is that the persons who use this kind of argument never seem to see that they are in practice justifying coercion on all scales, from the Spanish Inquisition to Flogging FITZGERALD. If the French Republic is to be forgiven its massacres, &c., because they were unfortunate incidents, if not necessary means, in a great work, why is such a coil kept up over the massacres of other people? We all believe we are right, and if faith justifies ROBESPIERRE, why not TORQUEMADA or Flogging FITZGERALD? Then there is the awkward consideration that, if massacre answered with the French, it may answer with other people. If the brutal Saxon had done his "collective butcheries" in one six months, instead of spreading them in little bits over centuries, it would appear that he might have "established Protestantism."

JUPITER'S SATELLITES.

GALILEO'S "Medicean stars," designated, since Kepler introduced the term, the *satellites* of Jupiter, were the first-fruits of telescopic discovery. Yet two of them were almost certainly known to the Chinese and Japanese long before the "Tuscan artist" heard of the Dutchman's invention; and Arago found by experiment that a telescope without magnifying power, and hence effective only in stripping bright images of some of the false light surrounding them to ordinary unaided vision, showed these small objects quite easily. Some eyes, indeed, are so happily constituted by nature as to need no such remedy. Wrangel tells of a Siberian hunter who, having evidently watched a satellite-eclipse, exclaimed, pointing to Jupiter, "I have just seen that big star swallow a little one and vomit it again!" Then there was Schön, the tailor of Breslau, who, put through his facings pretty strictly by the astronomer Boguslawski in 1820, could admittedly discern the first and third Jovian moons when suitably situated. This exceptional power, which had been the chief distinction of his life (for we are uninformed as to the cut of his coats), left him, however, to his deep concern, several years before his death in 1837. Nor have there been wanting pretenders

to its possession, two sisters having been detected at Hamburg in this curious species of imposture by their invariable adherence to the inverted configurations given in the Ephemerides for the convenience of telescopic observers. Mr. Denning is one of the few living astronomers who can boast a genuine performance of the kind, although several of Jupiter's attendants were visible, with remarkable distinctness, to ordinary spectators, in twilight on April 21, 1859, immediately before the kindling of a crimson aurora. This is not the only instance of improvement in seeing facilities through auroral influences.

Jupiter's moons would be easy objects to the naked eye if Jupiter himself, with his glaring disc, were out of the way. All except No. IV. (erewhile called Calypso), which, even then, would task the best eyesight, unless it happened to be in one of its phases of conspicuousness; for it shines with a far from equable lustre. Now, when we remember that these bodies are visible merely by reflecting sunlight, and that sunlight reaches them enfeebled to one-twenty-seventh of the intensity with which it strikes the earth; moreover, that the return-journey to ourselves of this attenuated, intercepted radiance amounts at an average opposition to nearly four hundred millions of miles, we can at once infer their considerable dimensions. The smallest of them, Europa, the second in distance from Jupiter, is, in fact, just the size of our moon. It is 2,100 miles in diameter; while the largest (No. III., *alias* Ganymede) measures 3,500 miles. All, however, must be much less dense than the moon. Nos. I. and IV. are believed to be as bulky, relative to mass, as the huge globe of Jupiter, the mean specific gravity of which is only one and a quarter that of water; and Nos. II. and III. do not seem to be greatly more condensed. None of them, accordingly, can resemble in physical constitution our decrepit celestial companion; they are likely to be at an earlier stage of existence, with a more promising future before them. The analogy that they unexpectedly present is rather to their great primary, whose organization is admittedly rudimentary. Vogel derived from them spectroscopic signs of their possession of atmospheres similar to that of Jupiter; their surfaces are diversified, like his, with dusky markings, and they probably fluctuate in aspect still more widely than he does. Indeed, they do not always appear even of the same size or shape; and their variations in brightness—due, presumably, to atmospheric processes—are instructively illustrated by the phenomena of their transits.

The Jovian system presents observers with a most animated scene. Occurrences of interest are continually going forward within its precincts. There are eclipses by the vast shadow-cone of Jupiter, which the three inner satellites are compelled to plunge through at each revolution; there are occultations behind the actual body of the planet; there are transits across his disc, during which the projected body is commonly dogged by its ink-black shadow. The eclipses, by their alternate retardations and accelerations, as the earth retreated from and approached the scene of their occurrence, furnished Olaus Roemer, in 1675, with the first proof of the finite velocity of light, and the "equation of light," thus determined, served, until recently, as the only measure of that velocity. Further, the total disappearance of eclipsed satellites shows conclusively that they borrow all their brightness from the sun, and are indebted for none of it to their immediate superior. Jupiter is then a dark body, although he may be a powerful source of obscure heat.

The transits of his satellites are still better worth watching—at least from the physical point of view—than their eclipses. The effects attending some of them have all the charm of surprise, since their production depends upon no readily assignable principle. Normally, the transiting object shows bright at ingress and egress, but vanishes during its progress over the central portions of the belted disc behind it. These, indeed, are many times more brilliant than the encompassing margins; so that the fading out and re-emergence of the contrast-effect is quite intelligible. What is astonishing is the implied equality, as regards reflective power, between the more lustrous sections of Jupiter's surface and the comparatively minute surfaces of his moons. Taken as a whole, the great planet reflects sixty-two per cent. of the light impinging upon it; white paper reflects seventy per cent.; it is, then, an under-statement to say that the blank parts of the diversified Jovian disc are as brilliant as white paper. And this is nothing extraordinary, if, as is practically certain, they re-

present the shining of an impervious envelope of clouds. It could not, indeed, have been anticipated that secondary bodies should prove to be similarly endowed; yet the disappearance of Jupiter's satellites, when thrown upon the dazzling screen of his surface, goes a long way towards proving that they, too, owe their vividness to their cloud-coverings.

They do not, however, always disappear. The third and fourth satellites especially have often, from their jetty aspect in mid-transit, been mistaken for their own shadows. So long ago as September 2, 1665, Domenico Cassini observed one of these "black transits," which until lately were regarded as events of extreme rarity. Since they have been attentively looked for, however, they are found to present themselves pretty freely, though with the utmost irregularity. They seem to be entirely capricious in their occurrence. And for this reason, if for no other, the attempt to explain the varied phenomena of transits on a bare principle of contrast can scarcely be deemed successful. For, if the *quality* of a transit depended merely upon the duski ness or brilliancy of the part of the disc traversed, it could be determined beforehand. Observers would be prepared for the peculiar appearances, which, nevertheless, always take them by surprise.

Besides, the satellites themselves display significant peculiarities. They are very far from presenting the stereotyped immobility of the "wan face" with which our moon "climbs the sky." Galileo was struck from the outset with the inconstancy of their light. Herschel attributed their obscurations to the spotted condition of their globes, which, indeed, have often appeared deformed from the unreflective nature of large sections of their surfaces. But it is improbable that these markings are permanent, like the dim lunar "maria," or the grey-green seas of Mars. They are rather, it must be supposed, of atmospheric origin, like the belts and spots of Jupiter himself. Effects in transit must then depend mainly upon the state of the visible surface of the projected body.

Careful and continuous observations of the third satellite by Messrs. Schaeberle and Campbell with the Lick thirty-six inch refractor, leave little or no doubt that its surface—reduced by distance though it be, to the apparent size of a glove-button nearly half a mile away—is diversified with approximately parallel, streaky shadings, fading off towards each limb in a manner suggestive of atmospheric action. Rotation on an axis perpendicular to the line of the markings could be inferred, and there were strong indications that it was executed, as Herschel had supposed, in an identical period with that of the satellite's revolution round Jupiter—that is, in seven days and four hours.

The first satellite certainly conforms to this rule, obeyed wherever tidal friction is strong enough to enforce it. In September 1890, during one of its dark transits, Professor Barnard of Lick saw No. 1 (Io) apparently double, as the effect, it would seem, of a bright belt cutting in two, so to speak, an egg-shaped body. He made, at any rate, quite sure of its elongation, August 8, 1891; a fact promptly confirmed by Messrs. Schaeberle and Campbell. They further ascertained that the longer axis of the oval points towards Jupiter's centre, as theory requires that it should. The elongation, indeed, represents neither more nor less than a permanent tidal wave, by the frictional power of which the rotation of the satellite relative to its primary was, ages ago, brought to a standstill. The probability is great that the same law of isochronous rotation and revolution governs the movements of the second and fourth, as well as of the first and third satellites.

The surmised habitability of the Jovian moons is thus rendered highly problematical. Their primary, it has often been suggested, might be efficient enough as a heat-source to make up for the scantiness of sun-given warmth, and so to promote the flourishing of a fauna and flora on each of these subordinate worlds. But if, in consequence of their mode of rotation, this genial influence be poured upon one hemisphere only, it can be of little or no use for the purpose in question. Besides, it is far from certain that any one of the satellites is sufficiently advanced in solidification to be the seat of even the lowliest forms of life. Their small mean density, their fluctuations of aspect, their high reflective power, and the indications of cloud-markings on their surfaces, hint rather at a chaotic stage of existence, not far removed from that ascribed to their imposing primary. This intimation is one of the most curious and unexpected

results of their scrutiny with the great telescopes of modern times.

One other has now to be recorded. Jupiter shines just now with remarkable brilliancy. In the absence of the moon, he completely dominates the nocturnal sky. He is visible in strong twilight before he has cleared the mists of the eastern horizon. The perspective effects of the earth's motion keep him lingering in the northern sign of Pisces, so that he attains a fine altitude. Moreover, at his approaching opposition, or midnight culmination, on October 12, his distance from the earth, though not small—367 millions of miles—will be very nearly the least possible. All which advantages, diligently reckoned up and calculated, have caused the opposition of 1892 to be anticipated as a harvest-time for students of the "Mundus Jovialis." Yet the first sheaf gathered, early in September, was certainly of a nature to create surprise.

Jupiter and his four moons form a system so complete in itself, so symmetrical, and bound together by such peculiar dynamical relations, that the presence of an extra member seems positively intrusive. It has, nevertheless, been certified by Professor Barnard, whose skill and acuteness as an observer, to say nothing of the unequalled qualities of the instrument at his disposal, leave no reasonable doubt as to the genuineness of the discovery. It was so difficult to make, that one cannot wonder that it has been so long postponed. The fifth moon appears as a very minute point of light, of the thirteenth stellar magnitude, circulating in seventeen and a half hours quite close to the big body of Jupiter. Its distance from his centre of 112,000 miles leaves an interval of only 26,000 to his surface, and the new satellite must accordingly spend most of its time either on or behind the splendid disc, from under cover of which it peeps out for a brief space once in about nine hours. The disparity of seven magnitudes between it and its next neighbour, Io, means that it sends us six to seven hundred times less light. Its reflecting surface, accordingly, if equally brilliant, must be smaller in the same proportion, which would give it a diameter one twenty-fifth of that of the larger body, or of about one hundred miles. If, however, as seems probable, its surface be more absorptive of light than the changing cloud-envelopes of the larger satellites, then this estimate of its dimensions should be proportionately augmented. At any rate, it is an insignificant body—a mere grain of dust beside a majestic cannon-ball. And its insignificance suggests that it may not be solitary. It may have hundreds of companions defying, by their smallness, the possibility of detection. Conceivably, it may be nothing more than a specimen of the pulverulent materials of an abortive full-sized satellite. Its presence and situation, however they may be interpreted, are of unmistakable significance as regards the genesis of systems, and afford one more instance of that growth in the visible complexity of their structure which steadily accompanies the progress of research.

MUSICAL EXHIBITION.

THE idea of the Musical Exhibition now being held at the Westminster Aquarium is excellent. There is a small but representative loan collection of antique instruments—a collection by modern makers for sale—showing what forms now survive, and musical performances for testing their value. Moreover, there is a very good Catalogue, with lucid explanations of various technicalities, written by Mr. Du Platt, the energetic organizer of the Exhibition. If there is any fault to be found with the Catalogue, it is that Mr. Du Platt scarcely makes enough of the rarity and interest of some of the instruments he has brought together. Theoretically, you can examine the whole pedigree of such well-known instruments as the pianoforte, from its remote ancestor the clavichord to the latest "Erard," with the collateral line of spinets and harpsichords. You can hear each member of the family efficiently performed upon, and, finally, you can purchase the newest development on the spot. At least this is the theory of the Exhibition, and the actual result is also praiseworthy. We cannot help regretting, however, the scene chosen. Not that we would express anything but sympathy with the Directors of the Aquarium, who have done so much to vindicate common decency of feeling against the licentious

tyranny of Moralitarianism. But, as a matter of fact, the Musical Exhibition is a little out of place here. It annoys the amateur, when he is permitted to try the tone of a harpsichord, to be startled by a nice little boy down in the hall firing off caps at something. When you are just making the discovery that the spirit of the wind in the spruce-trees has actually been imprisoned in a little peg, and has become the "soul of the violin," you are vexed with the vocal dog on the great stage for trying to emulate Miss Lottie Collins in her popular song. Warnings to beware of the conger-eel, and not to go too near the bear, are not good preparations for discriminating between spinets and clavichords, and instruments with one reed and those with two. However, these circumstances do not, and should not, detract from the merits of the Exhibition itself. On the floor of the hall are what are called the "trade exhibits." Among these, two cases of Indian musical instruments are attractive. If we could hear the sounds that these brilliant colours and quaint shapes accompany, it would be delightful. The cry of the peacock-shaped bin-sittar ought to be peculiarly entrancing.

The loan exhibition is arranged scientifically, if not very attractively, in the gallery. First come the wind instruments. The old English flute-à-bec, or recorder, of about 1690, is excellently preserved. There is a pipe, with its accompanying tabor, of the same century, reminding us that there are people still alive who can almost remember their general use, and yet they are now very rare. Among the double reeds is that terror to sensitive ears, the bassoon. The Catalogue relates that Henry VIII. had six of these implements in his private band; if this is so, it is not surprising that his matrimonial relations proved inharmonious. The single reed produces the scarcely less irritating clarinet, which, under the synonym of the shawm and in concert with the trumpet, was pleasing to the Psalmist. Amid a group of horns and trumpets hang three bugles, made respectively of paper, plaster of Paris, and gutta-percha. These are experiments tending to prove how much less the tone of such instruments is affected by their material than by their form. Among the cornets is a thing called a serpent, a black, gigantic distortion full of keys, suggesting to the eye the interior convulsions of some victim who has succumbed to its sound. Next come the instruments of percussion, with the exception of certain Indian examples, less interestingly represented. The stringed instruments include a very fine example of the "Viol of Love" of the seventeenth century. This form of viola is generally allowed to have been invented in England. Its peculiarity consists in its possessing sympathetic strings. These are not touched by the player like the ordinary or melody strings, but, stretched beneath them, echo their vibrations in unison. The sound is described as peculiarly beautiful; but the execution is excessively difficult, and performers upon the instrument are rare. An Italian guitar of the early seventeenth century is remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship, being elaborately inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl. It is impossible not to notice a single stringed instrument of eccentric form called a Japanese violin. The head of a serpent, the elongated paws of a quadruped, and the shell of a real tortoise are joined together without any attempt at unity of design. The workmanship is admirably neat, but the uncouthness of form is a proof that its *Japaneness* is of the genuine English stamp. A most exquisitely finished Italian spinet of the sixteenth century also deserves attention for the beauty of its case; but, as it is wisely placed under glass, it is impossible to guess at its tone. The so-called spinet of Josef Klein is apparently not a spinet, but a piano, as is shown by the little hammers which cause the strings to vibrate. These hammers can also be seen in a clavichord of full and very pleasing tone. It is greatly to be regretted that harpsichords are no longer made, or are made only at very great cost. The instrument here exhibited is an antique one in very good order; its tone is very sweet and penetrating. The Indian collection contains two of the most interesting specimens in the whole exhibition. Both are xylophones. The smaller, a Burmese instrument, consists of a cradle-shaped box about two feet long, in which the wooden notes are slung in a wide sweep. The tone is very pleasant, and without the least suggestion of wood in it. The larger instrument is South American, and is supposed to date back to the sixteenth century. It is of the kind used formerly by the Incas of Peru in religious ceremonies. It consists of a

long row of strips of wood, hung almost level over the mouths of an equal number of large cane pipes, the lower mouths of which are covered with parchment. The whole swings as it is played. Although some of the notes are dumb, and none of them probably give their full sound, the music still to be extracted from them suggests rippling waves of melody, rising and falling with varied cadences, which may have delighted the Peruvians before the Spaniards came. It bears the euphonious name of Marimba.

On the great stage in the hall a player upon the concertina elicits amazingly refined and pathetic tones from a very good example of that distressing instrument. Paganini Reditivus is another attraction. He has a little disappointed his friends. He seemed at one time to possess talent as a serious violinist, but, perhaps, he believes too strongly in the aesthetic superiority of buffoonery, and now commits high treason against the dignity of the violin. The 64-hands piano, presumably performed upon by that early County Councillor Briareus, proves attractive to the devotees of performing monsters, but does it not suggest an *embarras de richesses*?

THE STORAGE OF THE NILE FLOOD.

THE question of the irrigation of Lower Egypt is now, owing to the high Nile, attracting increasing attention. Under these circumstances it can hardly fail to interest our readers to have recalled to their minds the theory connected with the name of Mr. Cope Whitehouse as to the locality of Lake Moeris. Briefly, this was described by Herodotus, who wrote, moreover, of what he had himself seen, as a lake not far from Memphis (Cairo), some 450 miles in circumference, and fifty fathoms deep, full of fish of twenty-two species, used as a receptacle for the surplus waters of the Nile in flood, whence, when the Nile was low, sufficient water could be drawn to raise the river level again to the height required for the continued supply of Lower Egypt. Of this marvel of human ingenuity and industry Herodotus could find no words adequate to express his admiration, excelling, as it did, in his opinion, the Labyrinth, which again excelled all the Pyramids together, though any one of these was a match for the greatest works of Greece. Diodorus Siculus described the lake in almost similar terms, and Strabo, Pliny, and Mutianus all testified to its existence, while the Ptolemaic map gives a representation of it, not, indeed, indicating such enormous dimensions, but still indicating a vast body of water to the south and west of the Fayoum. Careful collation of all the old accounts enabled Mr. Whitehouse, as he thought, to fix the latitude and longitude of this abyss before he ever set foot in Egypt, and whether or not what he found was the site of the ancient Lake Moeris, this much is incontestable—namely, that he found a vast depression in the hills towards the Libyan desert, the depth and extent of which had never been suspected even by those who had tracked across it. This depression is known as the Wady Raiyan, and lies to the south and west of the modern province known as the Fayoum, from which it is separated by a narrow ridge. Herodotus described Lake Moeris as having its greatest length from north to south. This would be true of either the Fayoum or the Wady Raiyan separately (this latter having a singular prong of great length, called the Wady Muellah, stretching away towards the south-east), and it would be equally true if, as is probable from the dimensions given, the lake covered both the Fayoum and Wady Raiyan together. If the entrance from the Nile Valley at El Lahun is not altogether artificial, the whole double basin was probably originally a great natural backwater for the water of the Nile in high flood. Mr. Whitehouse considers that the Fayoum was in great measure reclaimed when the Bahr Jusuf was made and dams erected at El Lahun, presumably between B.C. 1500 and 1800, and certainly not later than the Hyksos period; and in the name Bahr Jusuf, or Canal of Joseph, and the persistent Mahomedan tradition that the canal was made by the patriarch Joseph, he sees evidence that these great reclamation works were carried on during Joseph's premiership, and very likely in the main by the Israelites. There can be little doubt that Goshen, where they dwelt, was this district. It would be nothing strange if Herodotus, a thousand years later, saw the Fayoum as again a sheet of water, though no longer a useless one, but

used as a reservoir, with regulating gates and canals. It might have been flooded again as the result of neglect, of accident, or of design; this last either from the inhabitants of Upper Egypt desiring to relieve their lands of inundation water, or, as was proposed to Mehemet Ali in recent times, as a deliberate sacrifice of the Fayoum for the benefit of Egypt generally. Be this as it may, the Fayoum, if it ever had been re-flooded, must have been again reclaimed six hundred years later, and consequently the Ptolemaic map represents the Lacus Moeridis as a piece of water in shape and size corresponding in a most singular manner to the present Raiyan basin. The so-called identifications of Lake Moeris by the Prussian Jomard and the Frenchman Linant de Bellefonds need only be mentioned to be dismissed. The former thought he saw it in the Birket-el-Qerun, a lake at the north-west corner of the Fayoum, formed by the surplus irrigation water of the Fayoum draining down to it, whence the water could by no possibility be returned to the Nile Valley, and being (see Sir G. Wilkinson) under 30 miles long, only about 7 miles wide in its widest part, and with a maximum depth of about 28 feet, while the latter saw it in a shallow tank between El Lahun and Medinet; if indeed, the dykes, which he traced and considered the walls of the reservoir, were not rather walls for keeping out the water from a newly reclaimed or threatened district. But neither of these bodies of water could have been used for the grand utilitarian purposes to which, according to the unanimous testimony of the ancient writers, Lake Moeris was put, and neither could bear the faintest resemblance to the vast lake, 450 miles round and 300 feet deep, which Strabo described as, in size and colour, like the sea itself.

After all, however, the practical question at the present day is whether the Raiyan basin can be utilized in the manner in which Lake Moeris, wherever and whatever it was, was undoubtedly utilized. It is known from history that most of the Delta was at one time cultivated. This can only have been through its being possible to control the Nile, by being able to divert a dangerous head of flood water, and to serve it out again, as wanted, during low Nile, to districts which the flood would have devastated. It is possible that the former is the more valuable power, for famines have more often arisen in Egypt from an excess than from a deficiency of water. The changes of level which seem to be gradually taking place to the elevation of the Red Sea bed near Suez, and the depression of the Mediterranean shore, may possibly make the details of necessary works in the Delta more difficult than they were in ancient days, but the general problem remains now as in the days of the Pharaohs. Now, lying ready to our hand, we have in the Wady Raiyan an enormous uninhabited sandhole, the bottom of which is more than 100 feet below the sea-level, bounded by steep cliffs rising to from 100 to 300 feet above sea-level, and having (to quote from a report by Lieutenant-Colonel Western, R.E.) at 25 metres above that level an area of about 924,000,000 cubic metres and at 30 metres an area of about 1,001,000,000 cubic metres (over 240,000 acres) with a content of about 33,777,000,000 cubic metres; a figure too vast to convey much impression to the mind, and still more staggering if expressed in English gallons, of which 220 go to the cubic metre. It is estimated that the increased irrigation of Lower Egypt requires that 10,000,000 cubic metres of water should be given back daily to the Nile during 100 days of low Nile, and Colonel Western's Report (in fact, founded on reports by Colonel Ardash, R.E., Major Conyers Surtees, of the Coldstream Guards, Captain Brown, R.E., and other experts detailed expressly for the investigation) seems conclusive that, as regards levels and volume, this can be effected by the utilization of the Raiyan depression. It also appears that this can be filled to the required height without any danger to the Fayoum, on the erection of banks across two small passes which, at a level of 26 metres, connect the Fayoum and Raiyan basins. As the Raiyan would not be filled beyond 30 metres, these banks, of only 3 to 4 metres in height, present no difficulty or danger.

Probably few of our readers realize what is meant to Egypt by carrying out such a scheme as this. According to the official report the area cultivated in Lower Egypt is 2,500,000 feddans (a feddan may be taken as equal to an acre), and the area cultivable or reclaimable if floods could be averted and a steady supply of water could be ensured is 2,300,000 feddans. Inferior land is subject to a tax of

10s. a feddan, and good land to one of 30s. a feddan. Therefore, bringing 2,300,000 feddans into permanent cultivation means an increased revenue of over 1,000,000*l.* sterling at the lowest estimate, while the cost of the far from difficult works necessary is variously estimated at from 800,000*l.* to 1,600,000*l.*—a mere nothing, if we regard only the net increase of revenue which might be anticipated. But if we take also into account the benefits resulting from the improvement in the conditions of life on what would be the shores of this new freshwater sea, from the saving of the heavy cost annually incurred in taking precautions against an excessive Nile, from increased feeling of security, and from the benefit to the health not only of Cairo, but of the Delta, where swamps would be replaced by fertile fields, the total value of having some such reservoir can hardly be appraised. Of course the clear, blue water issuing from the Raiyan basin would not have all the fertilizing properties of the red water of the flood Nile, but it would have the same properties as rainwater; and a lowering of the death-rate in Cairo and the villages below it would immediately attend the delivery of pure water instead of, or in dilution of, the putrid liquid with which they at present have too generally to put up during low Nile. It is much to be regretted that England has been so dilatory in taking this matter up. A boon, such as this, conferred on Egypt would compensate her for the wrongs which she has had to suffer at the hands of one Power after another for ages past, and should secure to the Power which conferred it an admitted right to continue its beneficent control. Other schemes have been suggested; but all, we believe, involve the erection of dams somewhere or other across the Nile, at points high up on its course. One scheme, advocated by Mr. Willcocks (any scheme emanating from whom deserves respectful consideration), involves the submergence for several months in the year of the celebrated and magnificent ruins of the temple of Philae. He thinks that the water would be clear and still, and so damage nothing but the paint; but it is evident that the water would be clear, not when the Nile first rose, but after it had stood and deposited its burden of mud, and each reappearance of the ruins would show them coated with a goodly deposit of slime. Then he urges that, if so, the ruins might be sold piecemeal to European museums, and the proceeds applied in part payment of the cost of making the reservoir. We are sure that all of our readers who have seen, or even read of, these ruins will cordially agree with Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff and Colonel Ross in their opposition to any such scheme. But there seem to be grave objections to all the schemes which depend upon the erection of dams across the higher and narrower parts of the Nile valley. It would be easy enough to dam back sufficient water to supply the daily 10,000,000 cubic metres required to supplement low Nile; but this is a very small portion of the flood-water which has to be guarded against, and which may be guided into safety, but certainly could not be dammed back with safety. Any reservoir so created means the expropriation of the population now living on the site, and there would always be the terrible danger of the dam or barrage—to use the technical term—giving way or being intentionally destroyed by enemies of the country. Hardly a year passes without the record of some appalling disaster from the bursting of a reservoir; but these would be insignificant compared with the ruin which the bursting of such a Nile reservoir would entail. The rush of this solid wall of water down the narrow Nile valley would probably mean the annihilation of all the population and of every human work between the reservoir and the head of the Delta. The arguments for and against the various schemes will, however, be thoroughly weighed by the members of the Commission. We do not commit ourselves to an approval, which can only be accorded by experts, of Mr. Whitehouse's scheme as against all others, and, if we have dwelt most on that one, it is simply from the singular historical and antiquarian interest connected with it, and from the fascination of an idea at once so simple and so grand.

THE THEATRES.

THE theatrical season which ended in the summer was remarkable for the extreme badness of the pieces which were produced. So large a proportion of richly deserved failures had not been seen for a long time; and it

was with a sorry specimen of a play that the new season began a few evenings since, at the Haymarket. It is difficult to believe that *The Queen of Manoa*, as Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Outram Tristram call their composition, can awake in any rational being other sensations than those of weariness and perplexity. The motive of the authors is obvious. They wanted to represent their central personage as a woman of irresistible fascination, and this is well enough so far as it goes. To the complaint that Lady Violet Malvern is neither a very good woman nor a very bad one, it might be answered that therein she is true to life, for the best people have their weaknesses and the worst their redeeming points; but to be truthful is by no means necessarily to be dramatic—and, in fact, Lady Violet is not dramatic, or interesting, or comprehensible. She flirts with an impulsive young man of indistinct nationality, Armand Sevarro by name, he having, within a few days before he met her, engaged himself to marry a girl who proves to be her cousin. Lady Violet, having encouraged his advances for a time, begins to discourage them, and he jumps into the Thames, and is, we are given to hope, effectually drowned. The chief complaint to be urged against the play is that there is no one in it for whose fate the spectator can bring himself to care two straws. Mr. Waller, the Sevarro, is a very heavy, saturnine sort of lover, but we cannot believe that any player could make the part other than disagreeable. Mrs. Langtry, her head weighted with diamonds such as ladies are not accustomed to wear at their own quiet receptions, does not succeed in clearly defining the various emotions by which, we presume, Lady Violet is supposed to be swayed. The dialogue is devoid of merit, and the subordinate characters are commonplace. Mr. Cyril Maude can make nothing of Baron Finot, a witless old diplomatist, who is represented as Sevarro's chief friend. To tattle as the Baron does is absolutely the last thing that is to be expected of such a personage. The whole piece is, however, of such a quality, that detailed criticism would be waste of time.

The other new play is *The Prodigal Daughter* at Drury Lane. In plot and characterization it is even below the level of its recent predecessors at this house. Old materials are so clumsily thrust together that an average Adelphi drama seems by comparison an example of neat workmanship. But there is a scene representing the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool, and it is no doubt carried out as well as circumstances permit. That this kind of thing has no relationship to dramatic art is too obvious to need protest. The race is not in the least exciting, because spectators know what will inevitably happen. The issue, as the reports of such contests are apt to run, is never in doubt. A number of screws headed by the once-famous Voluptuary—who deserves a better fate—canter through a hurdle and over a little ditch, containing, as the audience is delighted to find, real water. Sir Augustus Harris is fortunate in being able to arouse the enthusiasm of his patrons by such a spectacle, but he does so, and his purpose is therefore achieved. When the real thing is so plentifully provided at a dozen racecourses within easy reach of London it will seem strange to some observers that the sham thing should occasion delight. The abilities of a fair company are, for the most part, but poorly employed. Mr. Henry Neville has rarely been called upon to fill so wretched a part as that of the prodigal daughter's father, and he acts as if he felt the difficulty of the task. Mr. Fernandez is equally ill suited as a conventional villain. Mr. Leonard Boyne is better employed as the hero, in spite of a curiously hesitating method of speech. The talent of Miss Fanny Brough, who possesses genuine humour, is wasted on a preposterous caricature of a Quakeress who marries a sporting nobleman, the latter part being played, perhaps as well as the authors have rendered possible, by Mr. Nicholls. Acting, however, is entirely subordinate to spectacle, and the success is made by the speechless actors on four legs.

MONEY MATTERS.

ALTHOUGH the run upon the Birkbeck Bank happily came to an end in the middle of last week, and the credit of the bank has been improved by the strength it showed, the withdrawal of deposits from the Building Societies has not been stopped as was hoped; on the contrary, a couple more of those Societies have been obliged

to close their doors, and the general impression is that others will likewise have to suspend. On the other hand, one institution which had failed has resumed business. The scare is, no doubt, chiefly due to the failure of Barker & Co. and the London and General Bank, with two Building Societies connected with the latter ; but it is to be recollect that for fully twelve months there has been a run going on upon Building and similar Societies in Australasia, and that very many of those institutions failed. The Australasian experience was not lost upon depositors here at home, and when the first sign of weakness was shown a scare took place. Unfortunately, it is only too true that several of the Building Societies are grossly mismanaged. That the majority of them are sound, and are doing a good work in stimulating thrift amongst the humbler classes, can safely be said ; but the proportion of unsound Societies is entirely too large. For many years the Registrar of Friendly Societies has been calling attention to this fact, and to the imperfections of the law ; but his reports have not had much result in fresh legislation. Yet it would not take much time to make amendments that would give a reasonable amount of protection to all connected with the Societies. The first thing required is undoubtedly that power should be given to the Registrar of Friendly Societies to insist upon full reports being made to him every year. The reports ought to be uniform, on a plan laid down in the Act of Parliament itself, and they should be sent in to the Registrar within a reasonable time of a specified date. Furthermore, the reports should be made up for the same date in every case. If that were done, it would be possible to institute comparisons. At present Societies send in returns or fail to do so according to their pleasure. The same terms are used in entirely different senses by different Societies, and the reports are made up at such varying dates that it is practically impossible to make any instructive comparison. But, if the amendment of the law here suggested were made, information would be afforded which would enable any one who chose to take the trouble to ascertain whether a given Society was solvent or not. It is evident that the proportion borne by the working expenses to the funds at the disposal of a Society very largely determine whether it works at a profit or not. If, therefore, the Registrar were required to report to Parliament on the returns made to him, and were to set out that proportion, any one who consulted his report would see at a glance the position of a given Society. It is quite true, of course, that the proportion of working expenses to funds is not the only material condition ; but it is a very important one, and if directors and managers were punishable if they made false returns, and if the Registrar had power to insist upon an adequate audit, then there would be no doubt as to the correctness of the figures. At present there is an extraordinary divergence between the rates at which the several Societies work. Sometimes the proportion borne by the working expenses to the capital and deposits added together is only about 2s. 7d. per cent., while at other times it exceeds 2l. per cent. Now, if a Society allows three or four per cent. upon its deposits, and spends 2 per cent. or over in management, it is clear that it must employ the whole of its funds at nearly 6 per cent. before it can cover expenses. The classes connected with Building Societies are not qualified to understand complicated accounts—not seldom, we fear, made purposely complex to confuse the uninstructed. A report by a competent Government official based upon returns properly made out and properly audited would guide the ignorant and enable them to make a safe selection between the Societies. Those which work at too high a rate would be avoided, and those which are economically administered would attract customers. There are many other amendments which would be highly desirable, but it would be difficult, no doubt, to carry a complete reform of the law through Parliament. It would, perhaps, therefore, be better to propose only a very short Act simply requiring full returns adequately audited, with power to the Registrar to make special inquiries if he thought necessary, and with a penalty upon false returns.

Bankers and bill-brokers are striving to raise the value of money, but without much success as yet, the rate of discount in the open market being quoted from 1 to 1½ per cent. for three months bank bills, and it being as difficult as ever to lend for short periods. In spite, however, of the sluggishness of the market, there are very good reasons for the efforts made by bankers. The distrust which has prevailed amongst the wealthier classes for the past two years

has now extended even to the working classes. The demand for gold for the Continent is increasing in open market, and the shipments of the metal from New York are falling off. The Continental demand is not yet strong enough to take gold from the Bank of England ; but it is very actively buying up what is offered in the outside market. Very soon now the Austro-Hungarian gold loan is expected, which will greatly increase the demand ; and, if the French Government resolves upon attempting the voluntary conversion of the Four and a Half per Cents, as is generally anticipated, that may also lead to an increased demand for the metal. Lastly, if the silver crisis becomes more acute, it will be very desirable for all banks to be prepared for all contingencies.

The silver market remains very quiet, the price fluctuating about 38½d. per oz., but rather tending downwards for the past few days. As long, however, as large sales are not forced there is not likely to be a heavy fall ; but anything that may compel considerable sales will send down the price rapidly.

Members of the Stock Exchange and professional operators profess to be more hopeful than for a considerable time past respecting the immediate future, but the impartial observer can find little ground for the more sanguine view taken. While distrust continues, it is hardly possible that business can become active ; and, for the reasons pointed out above, it would be very unwise on the part of bankers to lend largely to speculators just now. At home trade is depressed, and the Building Society scare is likely to have a bad effect upon it in the immediate future. In the Far East the fluctuations in silver, and the impossibility to foresee what may happen, have disorganized business. The crisis in Australasia is not yet at an end. In South America, though there is some temporary improvement in Brazil, Uruguay is in such difficulties that the Government is once more trying to borrow ; and in the Argentine Republic a number of officers have been arrested on the charge of participating in an alleged plot. Even in the United States there is uncertainty and uneasiness. Two fine harvests in succession have failed to stimulate trade. Many of the great industries are depressed, the public is doing nothing in the stock markets, and immense masses of stock are held by speculators on borrowed money. The state of things being such, it seems inevitable that, if a speculative rise in prices is attempted, there must be an early breakdown, with an increase in existing difficulties. On the Continent, however, the prices of inter-Bourse securities, and especially of Government bonds, are wonderfully well maintained. The French Four and a Halfs will become redeemable in August next year, and it is said that the Government hopes to convert them into Two and a Halfs. To give the conversion a chance of success markets must be well supported and prices raised even higher than they are. The Minister of Finance is believed to be employing the large sums which the Savings Banks place at his disposal in keeping up Rentes, and the leading bankers are said to be assisting. The Austro-Hungarian Government is about to begin negotiations for the bringing out of a loan of 20 millions sterling. To succeed the Vienna market must, of course, be supported, and everything possible is being done. The efforts made for these purposes in Paris and Vienna are for the time being counteracting the adverse influences, such as the breakdown in Portugal, the crisis in Italy, the growing difficulties in Spain, and the economic and financial disorganization of Russia.

A meeting has been held between the representatives of the cotton-spinners and those of the operatives, but no decision was arrived at. The operative leaders, however, undertook to consult their constituents. Everything seems to point to a refusal to accept the reduction of wages, unless the employers are willing to curtail production. It is to be hoped, however, that in some way or other a serious dispute will be averted.

There has been little change during the week in first-class securities, but movements generally are upwards. In Home Railway stocks there has been a considerable advance. Great Northern Preferred closed on Thursday at 111½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 ; and there was the same advance in both Midland and North-Eastern, the former closing at 155½ and the latter at

1574. Great Western closed on Thursday at 164 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; and London and North-Western closed at 174 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American department there has been a general recovery in the more speculative securities. Thus Reading shares closed on Thursday at 28 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Union Pacific closed at 38 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and Erie closed at 27, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. In dividend-paying shares there has not been much movement; New York Central shares, however, closed on Thursday at 112, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$. In Argentine Railroad securities there has likewise been some recovery, the principal being in Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary, which closed on Thursday at 71-4, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 3. Argentine Fives of 1886 closed at 64 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Funding Loan closed at 59, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. Following upon the rise in the exchange, Brazilian securities have advanced rapidly. Thus the Four and a Half per Cents of 1888 closed on Thursday at 70 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ compared with the preceding Thursday. Uruguayan New Three and a Halfs, too, closed on Thursday at 31 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Mexican Externals closed at 81, also a rise of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$. In inter-Bourse securities there has been great steadiness, but not much change, except in Greek securities. Those of the 1884 loan closed on Thursday at 63, a rise for the week of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

MR. SIMS REEVES.

THE career of usefulness which Mr. Sims Reeves has pursued for so long a term of years is by no means at an end. He has ceased, indeed, to appear on the platform, where, for not very far short of half a century, his singing was an unsurpassed attraction; but if he no longer remains for the public edification an exemplar of perfect taste in vocalization, his services are, happily, still at the disposal of those who have thoughts of joining his profession. On Monday next Mr. Sims Reeves will begin to take pupils at the Guildhall School of Music, and we have thought the event entirely worthy of special notice, in view of the rank which the new master has held. If Mr. Reeves can impart to his pupils any portion of his own delightful art, his acceptance of his new post will be a subject for general congratulation. Critics of all countries have agreed that no voice was ever more perfectly produced than that of the great English tenor—a fact, indeed, which is proved by the extraordinary length of time during which his organ retained its strength and purity. A voice improperly produced is speedily ruined, and it is never while it lasts agreeable to the critical ear. A voice properly produced, on the other hand, lasts long at its best. The circumstance that Mme. Patti has been hard at work for some five and thirty years is readily explicable, and is the best tribute that could be forthcoming to her vocal method; and so it is with Mr. Reeves. During his long and honourable career he has been associated with the best singers of all schools, and has heard them, we may be sure, observantly. It is difficult to see any more powerful qualification for a teacher than that of having attained and held the position which was enjoyed by the singer whom it may be said two generations have delighted to honour, and his pupils may esteem themselves fortunate indeed. It is not to be hoped that he will be able to invest many of them with the exquisite sensibility which was so charming a feature in his own art work. We must not expect a race of Reeveses; but there is very much in the *technique* of vocalization which a good master can impart. His pupils may confidently be expected to learn something of that system of voice-production of which he is so admirable an exponent, and, if they have any feeling for their art in them, such a master will doubtless find means to bring it out. They will, for instance, study the sentiment of the song they are singing, and will let their hearers know what it is about by that distinctness of enunciation which was always so striking in their master. We hear the news of the appointment, therefore, with unfeigned satisfaction, and give it currency with sincere pleasure.

THE ELECTORATE WE LIVE IN.

THE scene was in a Southern county whose name we shall not disclose. It was but two short months after the General Election, and the candidate in question had been defeated at the polls. Therefore, since beat he was, it was determined that a fête, and a procession, and all the paraphernalia of a village fair were imperatively required to strengthen wavering in their allegiance, and convert anew the backsliders in his interest. So a vast procession was formed at the railway-station, with farmers on horses and the county magnates in carriages, with advertising vans and hordes of men on foot, which should escort the late member through a section of the constituency which had rejected him. Slowly the mighty concourse filed through the little town, bearing banners and enlivened by two bands. The few spectators—necessarily few, for the majority were themselves “processing”—cheered feebly; the few members of the opposition who had strength given them to cut themselves off from the cakes and ale that were to follow, hooted and groaned; but the more part prudently waived politeness for this occasion only, and went to enjoy the swing-boats and the fireworks. Through street after street the long procession passed by houses gay with bunting, with sunshine, and blue sky overhead, till they neared the nobleman’s park, made ready for them. Here the cream of the jest awaited the observant few, for one, two *triumphal* arches had been erected in all good faith upon the road along which the cortège was to pass, and so, with smiles and bows and liftings of the hat, the unhappy rejected of his constituents had to pass under the arches of triumph, and conceal the groans of his spirit. After this, who shall maintain that as a nation we have a sense of humour? Nobody realized that it was absurd! Nobody grasped that it was a piece of absolutely screaming farce! They cheered on, and were delighted with their emblem of victory. After this the park and the welcome refreshment tents were reached, and a few hurried speeches were got over, to which no one listened—or, indeed, was intended to listen—save the reporters; for how should eight thousand people hear a speech delivered in the open air, with the rival attractions of buns and tea spread enticingly near them? They dispersed to see what fare had been provided for the inner man, and what amusements were to follow. In the evening we returned to see how the political movement was progressing, and this is what we saw. Ten thousand people gathered together in the meadow, in thick darkness and under the glare of kerosene lamps, amusing themselves after their manner. There was a huge tent, smelling hideously of humanity and lamp oil, wherein were many couples waltzing on the grass, the band on a raised stand at one end fiddling away vigorously. Then a shooting-gallery, in which people aimed with guns with curved barrels at glass bottles and fondly thought them straight. Hard by were cocoa-nuts to throw at, and a vast machine to test your strength. Every one is familiar with this invention. A tall plank with a groove in it up which a ball slides; attached to the plank a stand with a pad upon it, and so arranged that the harder you strike the pad with the fist the higher will fly the ball. The aim and ambition of the striker is to hit so hard that the ball flies up to the very end of the plank and hits a bell at the top. This is glory, and you pay, we believe, one penny for the privilege of making the attempt. Then there were many refreshment tents scattered about, and barrows with ill-smelling shellfish invited the rustic epicure. Finally, most horrible of all, there was one of those awful roundabouts worked noisily by steam, which ground out at the top of its voice excruciating discord and whistled shrilly at frequent intervals. It was a solid iron erection, gaudily painted, and equipped with many circling horses, which rose and fell as they revolved, and would induce sea-sickness in any but the most robust stomach, heart-sickness in all but ultra-optimist minds. This disgusting machine continued its heart-breaking dissonances throughout the evening, and it and its prancing steeds were the central feature of this great political demonstration. These and the swing-boats beside them, which hurled their human freight from earth to heaven and from heaven to earth with creaking persistency, appeared to be the most popular amusements, always excepting the bar, which never lacks its votaries at fête or fair.

Such was the scene which greeted the spectator in the evening under the mighty trees and the myriad stars,

excellent, no doubt, as a mere rustic festival; but political—no! Yet of the success of the affair there could be no doubt when we listened to the comments of the following days. "The Party" raised his head once more proudly. The Opposition, whose own demonstrations paled into nothingness before the glories of this latter house, were no longer jubilant over past successes and future prospects, *Panem et Circenses*. The bitter Juvenalian sneer is as true of modern democracy as it was of Roman despotism, and the circus, which Lord Salisbury did not prefer to a Parish Council, is yet a more effective way of swaying the country voter. It is a pitiful method of government, and comparatively little comfort is to be drawn from the reflection that it is as old as the world, and that human nature is hardly likely to alter in deference to the theorizings of the modern Socialist. Perhaps, from some points of view, we should be glad that so much pleasure can be got out of such doubtful material that in a sophisticated age, as we are assured this one is, there are yet people who can wax enthusiastic over a discordant roundabout. We have not lost all our illusions yet, and we can still occasionally provide an exquisite instance of unconscious absurdity to amuse the onlooker. There will be plenty of fun in the world so long as defeated candidates are escorted under triumphal arches, with perfect solemnity, by their enthusiastic adherents.

THE INTROSPECTIVE LANDLORD.

[Days and days ago we warned our readers that such an unwholesome activity would be renewed on the part of the worst class of the Irish landlords. The purpose is obvious. The purpose is twofold. In the first instance comes the recovery of rack-rents; in the next instance comes the embarrassment of the Liberal Administration.—*Daily News*.]

WITH looks of trouble and concern,
And in his purse a "third, return"
(Too stingy he to travel first class),
From Euston Station swiftly sped,
To Dublin *via* Holyhead,
An "Irish landlord of the worst class."

To ascertain Gladstonian views
He had procured a *D-ly N-ws*,
A journal which denounced him strongly;
And ever, as he read, he mused,
"If I thus fiercely am abused,
Can it be altogether wrongly ?

"He does not mean—I hope and trust,
Nay, am convinced—to be unjust,
This nobly animated writer;
And if he paints me somewhat black,
Tis not, I fain would think, for lack
Of willingness to make me whiter.

"No doubt I have been rightly cursed;
Mine is, no doubt, among the worst
Of all the Irish landlords' cases.
My tenants poor, and in arrear
But twenty months, yet I am here
Resolved, it seems, to 'grind their faces.'

"Why do I do it? let me ask;
My callous conscience let me task
For its excuse, if there be any.
Is it mere longing to oppress?
Or is it that I cannot guess
Which way to turn to raise a penny?

"Have I embraced with eager glee
The earliest opportunity
A Gladstone Government to harass?
Would I provoke 'eviction scenes'
That I by these disgraceful means
May Mr. M-rl-y's plans embarrass?

"Or is it that uneasy dreams
Of certain predatory schemes
Which Gl-dst-ne's advent gives the cue for
Suggest that his allies and he
May seriously embarrass me
By leaving me no rents to sue for?

"I cannot say: it may be so,
But yet the *D-ly N-ws* should know,
And it proclaims my motives vicious.
Therefore, perhaps, to estimate
My conduct at the lowest rate
Would be but commonly judicious.

"And since, howe'er I shape my course,
I know that I must bear perforce
The brunt of the Gladstonian scoldings,
I think I'll bear them, on the whole,
With more tranquillity of soul
If—well, if I resume my holdings."

REVIEWS.

MR. WALTER BESANT ON LONDON.*

IN the majority of these entertaining chapters Mr. Besant has, perhaps wisely, avoided any attempt at writing history. True, the first chapter, "London after the Romans," is strictly historical, but the history is taken directly from the Anglo-Saxon *Chronicle*, which is largely quoted and supplemented by conclusions drawn from the reports of antiquaries. After these passages, Mr. Besant abandons the historical method, and gives us instead a brilliant series of pictures of the streets, the buildings, and the citizens at different epochs. He dwells most lovingly on the mediæval period, and shows us the daily life of the town, the merchants on the quays, the shopkeepers in Cheap, the priests, monks, and friars, the river with its boats and barges, the apprentices, the street mountebanks, and the riding of the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen. Mr. Besant gives no explanations of difficulties. He has no theories as to guilds, no views on the origin and development of municipal institutions, except that in one place he makes very sure that they are not relics of the Roman occupation. On the contrary, accepting Riley's statements, he does but put them in proper perspective, and make pictures of what were only facts. We cannot agree with him for a moment when he says that, "if there is any life or reality in the three chapters of this book which treat of the Plantagenet period, it is certainly due to Riley." The names and circumstances so drolly narrated by Riley, and summarized out of the records, are taken by Mr. Besant, put into form, made to move and to breathe before our eyes. Perhaps he reaches his high-water mark in this art in his seventh chapter, where we have an imaginary interview with John Stow. For a man to live among posterity is common enough; "but for a man to visit his forefathers is a thing of rarer occurrence." Yet somehow Mr. Besant has gone as near doing it as it is possible to conceive. He has not missed a point which could give his picture a thoroughly stereoscopic effect. John Stow is no myth—very much the contrary—but it must be confessed that Mr. Besant resuscitates him in a singularly successful manner.

He finds the antiquary in his lodging in St. Mary Axe. It is the year before Stow's death. His garden stretches back towards the ruins of St. Helen's Nunnery. Stow takes his visitor to see the City. They pass through Leadenhall. The Exchange has its entrance on the south side. They traverse its court, and finally reach Cheapside, where Stow enlarges on the virtues of the pillory. They encounter a fine lady, whose dress is minutely described. They meet a wedding procession, and then a funeral, and they go on to St. Paul's Churchyard, to which they find six entrances, and are much impressed by the sight of Paul's Cross. There are sarcastic observations on the idle youths who infest the nave. Then they go to the Mitre to dine. The dinner is admirably described. Then they cross the river to the play at the Globe, and the fittings and stage are the themes of careful and accurate detail. Finally, after supper at the Falcon, Stow and the author part. We have run rapidly through this chapter, as giving an idea of Mr. Besant's method. Nothing so vivid has ever before been done about old London. There does not seem to be a single false note; and the amount both of hard reading and of personal topographical observation necessary to its composition must have been enormous.

From the Plantagenet and Tudor times, Mr. Besant steps on to the reign of Charles II. Looking askance at Whitehall, he confines his attention severely to what occurs east of Temple Bar, and it is enough for a long chapter, full of interesting matter. The accounts of a private family of middle rank in 1677 chance to be in existence, and Mr. Besant gives us a most interesting

* London. By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

précis of them. There is, of course, all about the Plague and the Fire, and many other curious notes help to swell the chapter. The next and last is on the reign of George II., and the account of the City in the reign of George II. is as vivid as anything else in the book. The walls, we are told, "were never formally pulled down," but the authorities are censured for taking no pains to preserve such fragments as remain. The gates stood until 1760, and Mr. Besant laments their disappearance. "They were not old, but they had a character of their own, and they preserved the memory of ancient sites." Here we could wish Mr. Besant had seen his way to speaking out as to utilitarian destructiveness. The oldest buildings in Great St. Helen's were pulled down this year, and the inhabitants have just turned on an eminent "restoring" architect to remove what is old in their church. Mr. Besant does notice with regret the removal of Temple Bar. It is a remarkable fact, which perhaps has hardly received adequate recognition, that not one single reason was ever advanced for this vandalism. The arch was not falling, as any one can see now at Theobalds, where the selfsame stones stand as they stood in Fleet Street. It did not obstruct the traffic, or roads might have been made round it, because both the bank on the south side and all the buildings on the north side were pulled down, and might have been adjusted. Finally, as if to prove that there was no obstruction, a curious but not beautiful pillar of poverty-stricken design, but great size, has been erected in its place. The obstruction, if any, to traffic continues.

It is no objection to Mr. Besant's book to say that it provokes such comments. He gives us just so much that we wish he had given us more. The novelist turned historian is delightful reading. As to Mr. Besant's final estimate of the present characteristics of the people of London we can but quote. He says that in one particular London has never changed. Its citizens are always looking forward, "using up the present ruthlessly for the sake of the future, trampling on the past." This comes forcibly to the mind when we think of Temple Bar, of Emmanuel Hospital, of Merchant Taylors' and St. Paul's Schools, of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. Antholin's, Watling Street. London, indeed, tramples on the past.

NOVELS.*

WHEN Mr. Edmund Gosse called upon Mr. Björnsterne Martinus Björnson ("but he has never used the second of these names"), Mr. Björnson, who was discovered "sitting astride a small sofa," "rose vehemently" to receive Mr. Gosse, and became "truculently cordial." Mr. Gosse was "slightly terrified," but still retains, though they have never met since, a "vivid" and not unpleasant recollection of the interview. The most recent number of the "International Library" is called "in the original *Det flager i Byen og paa Havn*" ('Flags are Flying in Town and Harbour'), a title for which Mr. Gosse and Mr. Fairfax "have ventured to substitute, as more directly descriptive, *The Heritage of the Kurts*." This novel, and *In God's Way*, are, we are told, to be regarded as the masterpieces of the author, and it unquestionably shows immense development in power, when compared with such pretty insipidities as *Arne or the Fisher Lassie*. The Kurts were a line of piratical people of German extraction who had constituted themselves the principal personages in, and indeed substantially the tyrants of, a small town in Norway. They were for several generations "harbitrary gents," and more or less mad. John Kurt, the illegitimate son of Konrad Kurt, was very mad indeed, and, after a hideous row with his wife, died before the birth of their son Tomas. Before Tomas was born Mrs. Kurt resumed her maiden name of Rendalen, and her son, with whose fortunes the story is mainly concerned, was always known as Tomas Rendalen. His mother brought him up to be as little of a Kurt as she could manage, and was pleased with the result, which, to our thinking, was not much more wholesome than if he had, like his father's ancestors, been mad, arbitrary, and piratical. Previous Kurts having dissipated the fortune which the founders of the race had accumulated, Mrs. Rendalen, who had been a governess before her marriage, determined to keep a girls' school, and carefully educated her son to assist her in this task. He

* *The Heritage of the Kurts*. By Björnsterne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Cecil Fairfax. London: William Heinemann. 1892.

The Web of the Spider. A Tale of Adventure. By H. B. Marriott Watson, Author of "Marahuna" &c. London: Hutchinson & Co.

In the Tilt-yard of Life: an Informal Tourney of Tales. By Henry Newill. London: Ward & Downey. 1892.

Per Aspera [A Thorny Path]. By Georg Ebers, Author of "An Egyptian Princess" &c. From the German by Clara Bell. London: Sampson Low & Co.

participated eagerly in her scheme, and between them they managed to make their school remarkable. The principles upon which it was conducted are thoroughly characteristic. The pupils, aged from fifteen to nineteen, or thereabouts, were taught in the "latest" and most "scientific" fashion. A female doctor was imported from America at great expense to teach them physiology, with accurate models, capable of being taken to pieces and explained, of every part of the human body. They were thus instructed in the laws of health, physical and moral, and especially as to what were, might be, and ought to be, their relations with men.

A Debating Society, which they were encouraged to form, discussed with immense fervour whether the moral obligation of continence was equally binding on women and on men, and decided that it was. The members, therefore, bound themselves by written pledges never to marry any man who was known to have been guilty of pre-marital irregularity of behaviour, and this interesting topic formed a staple subject of their conversation. The Rendalens, *mère et fils*, and the she-doctor, stimulated these discussions and pledges to the utmost of their ability. Not unnaturally, after one summer holiday, one of the young ladies came back to school with—or with the immediate prospect of, it is not clear which—an infant as illegitimate as her preceptor's papa. Her name was Tora, and at the same time her friend Milla was persuaded by her father, her pledge notwithstanding, to promise to marry the putative father of Tora's offspring. The whole school was in a whirl of excitement over these events, and nothing else was talked of. At the last moment Milla was dissuaded from the marriage by Tora producing the baby at the wedding, and she ran away from the altar, leaving the wicked bridegroom *planté là*. All the girls in the school and the Rendalens and the she-doctor were perfectly delighted, and it was considered that the principle of enforcing morality upon bachelors had had a great triumph. It is to be regretted that so nasty and futile a story is written with power and picturesqueness. The telling of it more than establishes Mr. Björnson's right to be called, as Mr. Gosse calls him, "the greatest of Norwegian novelists." It shows him to be so good a storyteller as to make it a very great pity that he has not chosen to tell a more sensible story. It is characteristic of the Scandinavian school of romancers that, finding a convention established in the civilized world, whereby girls are brought up in ignorance of certain matters to the knowledge of which they will eventually attain, they assume it to be a foolish convention, and urge the adoption of the contrary practice. It is a far wiser plan to assume that conventions of this sort are useful until, by a study both of their origin and of their practical results, you have satisfied yourself that they are noxious. Such conventions are the result of the opinions of people living a long time ago, who succeeded in persuading other people that their views were sound and their practices sensible. It does not follow that a man was a fool because he lived a long time ago. If Mr. Björnson, and Dr. Ibsen, and the rest could grasp the truth of this simple proposition, it would do them, as the poet said, "an infernal deal of good." And if they would write stories without trying to teach anything in particular, and would essay the not impossible task of making them interesting without making them indecent, their stories would be much better worth reading.

Mr. Marriott Watson is known to be an ingenious storyteller, with a strong leaning towards preciosity in his language. In *The Web of the Spider* the former of these characteristics is much more apparent than the latter, and the result is, to our thinking, much the best book he has yet given to the world. As far as plot and incidents go, the school is that of Mr. Rider Haggard pure and simple, and a very good school too. A few white men and a great many niggers, a task performed by the former in the face of tremendous perils, some caused by man and others by the natural peculiarities of unexplored countries, the final triumph of whiteness and virtue, together with that decent conventional tribute to amatory romance which Mr. Haggard sometimes ventures altogether to pretermitt, these are the bones of Mr. Marriott Watson's work. The scene of the story is laid in New Zealand, some thirty years ago; the hero is an extremely intrepid—and also extremely fortunate—wandering Englishman by the name of Palliser, and the villain a most diabolically artful and atrocious Maori, called Te Katipo. Palliser became aware that an old friend of his, named Caryl, had died in the bush, after living for a long time with the Maoris, and had left behind him a laboriously-collected fortune in gold nuggets, and also a daughter, who had set out by herself to look for him. The problem was to bring together hero, heroine, and gold, and Palliser did it, with the help of a very pleasing and entertaining person named Foster, whom, in the course of his wanderings, he happened to observe careering round an open space in the

bush, on a horse, singing Maori war-songs, and shooting hostile Maoris—who were also trying to shoot him—with a gun as he rode. There were several other friendly Maoris involved, in particular a picturesque old chief, whom everybody misunderstood, called Kaimoana. His virtue was made manifest at last, but then he was immediately shot by the forces of the abominable Te Katipo, and expired with dignity and pathos. There is a good deal of local geography in the story, and it is rather confusing. About twenty small but carefully drawn plans would be of great assistance. There is also an exceedingly incomprehensible old maniac, who suddenly appears in a hut, when Palliser's party is lost and nearly starved, and, professing to show them the way to a track which they are looking for, leads them for three days in a circle back to the hut. After that a battle arises, and he sees Te Katipo, whom he knows by sight, and flies howling into the bush. And behold, when at last they find the treasure, which had been most carefully hidden, and of the existence of which the maniac had no apparent means of knowing, there is the maniac's corpse sitting with it in his lap. It seems rather inconsequent. With these trifling qualifications, *The Web of the Spider* is a most lively, spirited tale, with plenty of exciting and bloody battles, and an immense profusion of thrilling turns of fortune, exciting adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and so on. Mr. Watson's story is worthy of comparison with the more successful of Mr. Haggard's romances, and if he could forget still more completely than he has his ambition of writing English with as much distinction as Mr. Louis Stevenson, he would perhaps go further on the road towards the accomplishment of that praiseworthy but arduous endeavour.

It is not every day that we encounter such an inane set of short stories as are collected by Mr. Henry Newill, under the title of *In the Tilt-yard of Life*. The first two, and the longest, are principally concerned with the conduct of one Barbara. She loved Goodman, but he loved Mabel, who loved Lord Richard Lambin (who was the younger son of an earl). Barbara accidentally resembled Mabel in face, and contrived to substitute herself for Mabel at the wedding service. At dinner-time she confessed all. Thereupon—she is telling the story—Goodman's "hair began to discolour, and streaks of grey, like steel blades, struck through it, and sunk into my sight." Then he went out and got a double-barrelled pistol, and loaded one barrel without knowing which, and snapped off one at her, and killed himself with the other. For anything we know, idiocy may be one result of a man's hair turning grey "wisely before" woman's eyes. Otherwise it seems that it would have been much more sensible to present a petition for a declaration of nullity. One of the shorter stories is about a "young literatist," described as "a rising and much-respected member of his profession." He went for a holiday, and found that on two or three occasions a servant entered the room and left it without his taking any notice. Therefore he went to bed full of terror, and presently thought he saw a ghost, and fired a revolver at large, and killed two men. He was not tried; but a "special commission" was appointed to inquire into this special case," and decided that he was to be unconditionally discharged from the county asylum, partly, it seems, because "a well-known phrenologist could find no characteristics predisposing to murder in the gentleman's cerebral developments." The use of the words "minacious" and "patricides" (apparently meaning dynamiters), and the description of a "white lie" as a "black" one, "conscientiously bleached" by "the circumventing chloride of society," appear to be the only other matters in the volume that are in the least amusing.

One would think, to look at the title-page, that Clara Bell wrote *Per Aspera* in German and Georg Ebers did it into English. The converse is presumed to be the fact. The result is an exceedingly long and hardly less tiresome story about how the Emperor Caracalla went to Alexandria, and had divers adventures there in which the *dramatis personae* were concerned. The scale, tone, and style of the work recall the last romance of Archdeacon Farrar, though, perhaps, the English is slightly less incorrect. There is in the story a perfectly insignificant person called Apollinaris (which seems an odd name for a Roman), but the associations of table-water are too strong for author or translator or both, and the gentleman becomes Apollinaris towards the end of the second volume, and so remains. Even such small amusement as this is not to be despised by the reader who has plodded *per aspera* (considerately translated to mean along "a thorny path") to the end of this most appropriately named novel.

DIPLOMATIC REMINISCENCES OF LORD AUGUSTUS LOFTUS.*

DIPLOMACY, like others of the intellectual professions, would seem to be conducive to longevity and sustained vigour of the intellectual faculties. Lord Augustus Loftus looks back on half a century of activity passed in the capitals of Central and Eastern Europe, and there is a remarkable freshness in his interesting Reminiscences. We may assume that his memory has been assisted by diaries; but there is no trace of painstaking compilation in a narrative which flows pleasantly and easily. He recalls the details of important conversations; he professes to give the *ipsoissima verba* of great potentates and illustrious statesmen; and he tells many an appropriate and suggestive story. Moreover, in the volumes there are not a few clever and telling sketches of character, and his views on the political probabilities of the future are well deserving of consideration. He was brought up to diplomacy, and began his apprenticeship when very young. A mere lad, he was at Brighton with his parents and was honoured with invitations to dine at the Pavilion. One day, after dinner, King William asked for what profession he was destined. The courtier-like answer was that he hoped to serve his Majesty in the Diplomatic service; when the sailor-King responded heartily, "And so you shall, my boy, and I will look after you." If the King did not live to carry out his kind intentions, young Loftus had no reason to complain of his luck. As it chanced he received his appointment to the Foreign Office on the day of King William's death, and afterwards he was kept in constant occupation, being shifted from one good post to another, till he was successively chief of the Legations at Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. The present volumes, which are but the first instalment of the *Reminiscences*, cover the period from 1837 to 1862.

There were no railways in 1837, and he went to Berlin by way of Hamburg, by sea and postchaise. The old Prussian city was very different from the modernized capital, and the old order of things was still prevailing. The King was also a survival of the troubled times in which Prussia had nearly perished, and he was conscientiously animated by the principles of the Holy Alliance. Happy in having been restored to his people and his throne, he was a staunch Conservative, and shrank from any tampering with the barriers which divided the privileged orders from the democracy. Reactionary as he was, his subjects loved him, and "were loyally resolved not to trouble his declining years." Consequently, as was inevitable, his successor inherited a legacy of anxieties. The nation was anxious that the new King should redeem the promises of liberal institutions which had been lavished during the War of Liberation. We are reminded that Frederick William IV, though an able, amiable, and pious man, was not equal to the situation. He was vacillating, ever ready to sacrifice anything for a quiet life; and, above all, he was constitutionally averse to war. Had he fallen into feebler hands, had he not been coerced into far-sighted and thoroughgoing patriotic measures, the course of European events would have been very different, and the consolidation of Germany indefinitely deferred. The King had not only to repress popular movements, but to commit himself to a doubtful Parliamentary struggle for the absolute reorganization of the army. We presume that he would have been glad to have lived peacefully with Austria, and, like Metternich, would have been well content to leave things as they were. Lord Augustus reports a curious conversation with the veteran statesman. Metternich claimed credit for the origin of the Germanic Confederation. At the Congress of Vienna he had dissuaded the Emperor of Austria from reassuming the title of Emperor of Germany. He had suggested a Germanic Diet which should be powerful for self-defence, and, regarding the fruits of his work with cheerful complacency, he added, "You will see that the Germanic Diet will yet prove the saviour of Europe." Alas for the old statesman's prophetic sagacity! As Lord Augustus remarks, "Within six years it was dissolved like a ball of snow, and disappeared without causing a protest or a regret."

There is an interesting account of Lord Augustus's presentation to the Czar Nicholas, followed by a still more interesting elucidation of the mystery which surrounded the death of the Czar Alexander. He paints Nicholas in pleasing colours, as noble-hearted and generous, with a charm of smile and manner which tempered the stern severity of his aspect. The Czar was an autocrat, and at times a tyrant, from the conviction that his semi-barbarous subjects must be ruled with an iron hand. Yet he could stoop almost to servility when it suited his ends, and his appeals for an alliance or neutrality to the Prussian King before the Crimean War were obsequious and almost humiliating.

* *Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus, P.C., G.C.B., 1837-1862.* London: Cassell & Co. 1892.

There are lively sketches of some of the minor Courts and their Sovereigns. Lord Augustus from his boyhood had known King Ernest of Hanover. The formality at the Hanoverian Court was excessive, especially as regarded costume; and he laments the narrow-mindedness and ill-judged obstinacy which led the unfortunate son of Ernest to refuse to bend to the inevitable. King George closed his eyes and ears to all signs and warnings, and elected to shelter under the "Double-headed Eagle" when the "Single-headed Eagle" was hovering over his head. The Grand Duke of Baden, on the contrary, temporarily lost his throne in 1849, through no fault of his own. He was a kindly and liberal-minded ruler; and his hospitality had made Baden pleasant to foreigners. But the Badeners had imported their democratic politics from France; and in the general revolutionary rising even the army proved false to its oaths. The magnificent Château at Schwerin, built in imitation of Versailles, was out of all proportion to the modest extent of the Grand Duke's dominions. But Schwerin, though small and stagnant, showed some commercial bustle. As for little Dessau, it was a comical anachronism—and everything was mediæval, from the architecture and fortifications to the ceremonies of the simple but stately Court.

Lord Augustus, during his long residences at Berlin, naturally saw a good deal of Bismarck, who spoke to him on several occasions with his accustomed frankness. *A propos* to which there is a characteristic story of Bismarck's meeting with Disraeli in 1861, at a dinner at the Russian Embassy in London. Preluding by saying that he would soon be called to the direction of Prussian affairs, he freely expounded his purposes to the leader of the Conservative Opposition. He made no secret of his intentions to unite Northern Germany under Prussian leadership. Disraeli listened quietly, and afterwards remarked, "Take care of that man; he means what he says." But, all through these volumes, we see the course of European events directed, more or less directly, by Bismarck's unfaltering resolution. With marvellous patience he bided his time, as if he were counting on patriarchal longevity. Yet he could be flexible and conciliatory to hypocrisy when it served his object. His programme was mapped out. Austria must first be disposed of, and Prussia placed at the head of a Germanic Confederation. It was inevitable that war with France must follow, for Louis Napoleon would resist Prussian aggrandizement, and meant to strengthen his frontiers on the side of the Rhine. Yet, when the war with Austria was being quietly worked for, and while the war organization of Prussia was still incomplete, the interested cordiality of France was affectionately and effusively reciprocated. The French Emperor may have been the subtle politician he believed himself; but Bismarck, like Cavour, tricked and befooled him.

Lord Augustus calls attention to the story of the origin of the Italian war, and as to that he was specially well informed. Like the subsequent war with Prussia, it was forced upon Francis Joseph, and, from a comparatively early period, neither he nor his Minister, Count Buol, had any illusions on the subject. Louis Napoleon was pledged to play the rôle of Liberator. He might have hesitated and very possibly never redeemed his pledges, but after the Orsini conspiracy he went in mortal terror of his life. As in the campaign which ended for him with the capitulation of Sedan, he was urged forward by stress of irresistible circumstances. He would willingly have bargained for the evacuation of Lombardy and the Quadrilateral; but neither the pride of the Habsburgs nor national sentiment in his Empire-Kingdom would permit Francis Joseph to listen even to proposals for territorial compensation. Nor, although, like every one else, he overrated the efficiency of the French army, was the Austrian Emperor despondent. He thought there was a fair chance of his getting the best of it, and the belief was assuredly not unreasonable, considering the strength of the defensive positions behind the Mincio. He believed, besides, that if the worst came to the worst he might rely upon the interposition of England and Prussia. Had he known the secret determinations of Bismarck he would not have counted much on his German rival. As matter of fact, as to the peace signed at Villafranca, Lord Augustus makes a remarkable statement. He was assured that the Austrian Emperor was mainly induced to accept its mortifying stipulations and heavy sacrifices by the exhibition of written documents which showed that Prussia had taken a formal engagement not to move a man to his assistance. Indeed, the respective attitude of the combatants after the battle reminds us rather ludicrously of the preliminaries of the famous affair of honour in *The Rivals*. Both were playing a diplomatic game of brag and bluster. Louis Napoleon had good reason for knowing that the condition of his army was far from being satisfactory, and he had lost all confidence in his Italian allies. While Francis Joseph, although he could have fallen back on

the Quadrilateral, was seriously anxious as to symptoms of insubordination among the Hungarians. It became a question of parties at the Court of Berlin as to the recognition of the new Kingdom of Italy. The old Court faction was naturally opposed; but the liberal feeling of the nation was strongly in favour of it, and, above all, it was an essential point in Bismarck's policy. The recognition of Italy would be pleasing to France, and would probably secure a valuable ally in the war with the Power which still garrisoned Venetia. Lord Augustus admires Bismarck, but neither loves nor respects him. He says that, like Louis Napoleon, the Chancellor had neither principles nor scruples. But for Moltke he expresses loving admiration, and says that during the invasion of France he often interposed to temper Bismarck's severity. "He was the most simple, unassuming, and kind-hearted man I ever met, even when he was at the summit of his glorious career. His calmness and composure never forsaking him, and his powers of organization were marvellous. He was never put out, never uttered a hasty word."

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LYRICS.*

THE richness and variety of English song in the seventeenth century are very strikingly displayed in Mr. Saintsbury's selection here before us. The extraordinary wealth and extent of the field to be garnered, combined with Mr. Saintsbury's liberal interpretation of the word "lyric," cannot have lightened what must be, to any competent critic, a delicate and onerous undertaking. It is true that Shakspeare and Milton are excluded from the anthology—"for the stars look best when both sun and moon are away"—and the sonnet is doomed inadmissible, as being "among the least lyrical—that is to say, singable to music—of any poetical forms." But these limitations, the soundness of which is, in the circumstances, beyond contention, do not in the least affect what is pre-eminently the lyric of the seventeenth century. Mr. Saintsbury's remark on the sonnet, however, is not quoted merely for its truth, but because it is the key to the chief excellence of his selection, which we take to be its recognition of a kind of lyric that is the peculiar glory of the seventeenth century, the lyric that was set to the music of the lutenists, the composers of madrigals, glees, and catches. We have in this anthology adequately represented for the first time specimens of the lyrics of the song-books of the century holding their right position in the company of the lyrics of the so-called courtly poets and the so-called metaphysical poets. All lyrics, as musicians have testified, are not singable. The essential fact about these song-book lyrics is that they are all singable, and were all sung. And so it was, to some extent, with the lyrics from the dramatists and those of the courtly bards. They were sung generally throughout the land, in private, or on the stage, or at courtly entertainments. If there ever was a time when English music was national and the English a musical people—when "music and sweet poetry agreed," as in the charming sonnet that honours the fame of John Dowland it is said they needs must—it was the century that produced the greatest of all English composers, the illustrious Purcell, and Henry Lawes, Orlando Gibbons, Henry Carey, Morley, Weelkes, Byrd, Campion, Mace, Wilbye—to cite a few of the goodly society of musicians who were mostly themselves poets. England, as Mr. Saintsbury observes, was "a nightingale's haunt in a centennial May" from the death of Spenser to the death of Dryden. To what extent those composers were the authors of the lyrics they set is not now known. But it is not unreasonable to suppose, where no names are given, that what was the rule with Byrd, Carey, Campion, and others, was the custom also of Allison, Pilkington, Robert Jones, Dowland, and many more. The researches of Mr. A. H. Bullen, to whom all lovers of English poetry owe so much, have cleared up many dubious points, and may yet throw further light on an obscure subject. From these lutenists Mr. Saintsbury has selected many exquisite examples of song. Campion is, of course, well represented, and of Robert Jones we have specimens that are, indeed, "among the best of their kind," including the graceful song "The sea hath many a thousand sands." Morley, Weelkes, Dowland, John Wilson, Thomas Bateson, with the delightful "Sister, awake, close not your eyes," and Thomas Ford, with "There is a lady, sweet and kind"—a lovely lyric—are all here associated, with one or more examples that served to make sweet accord with music.

The other chief sources of the anthology are the dramatists, the courtly poets, and the metaphysical lyrists. In the first of these classes it is satisfactory to note that Dryden's lyrics at length are

* *Seventeenth-Century Lyrics.* Edited by George Saintsbury. "Pocket Library." London: Percival & Co. 1892.

honourably placed among their compeers after long and unmerited neglect, and certainly hold their own by the side of Beaumont and Fletcher, Heywood, Dekker, Webster, Jonson, Shirley, and the rest. This section of the lyrics is altogether an admirable one, and includes some charming and little-known specimens, such as the melodious song, "Art thou gone in haste?" from, if our memory serves, *The Thracian Wonder* of Rowley—or is it Webster? Among the Beaumont and Fletcher lyrics we should have been pleased to find "Take, O take, those lips away" from *Rollo*, and "Look out, bright eyes," from *The False One*, and the pretty hymn to Pan in *The Faithful Shepherdess*; but, since all the specimens given by Mr. Saintsbury are of the best, there is no call for repining. As to John Ford, "Who has a more apparently lyrical imagination?" asks Mr. Saintsbury; yet "he has not left a single good lyric." His best song, "Fly hence, shadows that do keep," from *The Lover's Melancholy*, is scarcely superior to "The blushing rose and purple flower" from *The Picture* of Massinger, whose lyrical gift was decidedly not remarkable. The lyrics of the courtly poets—Sedley, Rochester, Carew, and the rest—are better known to the general reader than any other kind of seventeenth-century song, and Mr. Saintsbury's selection from them lacks nothing of importance and comprises nothing superfluous. In our next division, however, while Vaughan, Crashaw, Cowley, Donne, and the two Fletchers are all well chosen—so perfect a representative of Vaughan, indeed, has never previously appeared in a selection—we cannot say that Mr. Saintsbury is entirely fortunate in his examples of Herbert. It is not that he is indisposed to liberality. But we think that some of the seven pieces included might be replaced by far more characteristic examples—such as "I made a posy while the day ran by," "Peace," "Man's Medley," and the first half of the extremely subtle and beautiful lyric "Canst be idle, canst thou play?" We detest, as much as Mr. Saintsbury does, anything like mutilation of a poem, yet in the last-named instance a desirable separation could be effected without offence. As it is, Herbert appears to hold a much lower place, compared with Vaughan, than is his due as a poet. Ben Jonson, and the two greatest of his tribe, Herrick and Drummond, shine forth in the heaven of this anthology at their brightest. It is especially gratifying to find the noble Jonsonian strain "Not to know vice at all," and, though Drummond is but scantly represented, the muse of Hawthornden has nothing more individual than the magnificent invocation "Phcebus, arise," the colour and imagery of which recall the splendid lyric in Lodge's *Rosalind*. From all points of view, Mr. Saintsbury's anthology will rejoice the hearts of all lovers of poetry, and move afresh even those who are well acquainted with the wonderful beauty and diversity of the seventeenth-century lyric.

BIG STEAMBOATS.*

OWING to the conditions of the voyage, the steamers which ply daily to America are larger than those which ply weekly to Australia. The Suez Canal forms a Procrustean bed by which the length, depth, and weight of the southern lines are regulated; but between Liverpool and New York no such limitations occur, and ships may be, and actually are, built up to 9,800 tons. It is not impossible that much larger ships even than these will before long be constructed; and there can be little doubt that for the purposes of passenger traffic they will have a great advantage. Wisely or unwisely, the travelling public prefers big steamers. There is, from that point of view, one thing to be said in their favour. It takes a very heavy sea to make them pitch or roll. On the other hand, when they do pitch or roll the effect is tremendous. The sailor is old-fashioned, and prefers, he says, a ship-shape ship. To him a roomy cabin is an abomination. He likes to be able to hold on all round. But here, again, the general travelling public is against him, and chooses the ship that has the widest berths, the most spacious "state-rooms," as the Americans call the cabins, and saloons which in a gale of wind must be difficult as well as dangerous to traverse.

Mr. Maginnis traces at considerable length the gradual improvement of passenger steamers, from the *Savannah* in 1819, the first to cross the Atlantic, to the *Teutonic*, which is at present the longest steamer afloat, being 580 feet over all. He tells us a great deal about construction, engines, lighting, propellers, steering-gear, and other things, and adds, more for the benefit of the ordinary reader, accounts of the firms which have built and which run the great vessels, the pace at which the ships go, notes on eventful passages, and on the costs of manning and maintaining Atlantic liners. Where so much is interesting it would not

be easy to pick out anything for special notice, only that Mr. Maginnis is careful to give us comparative tables of all kinds, by which we can see what have been the most rapid passages, and so forth, during the seventy years and more in which steamers have been regularly running between England and America. The first steamer "worthy of being so called was that of John Fitch, which he placed for hire upon the Delaware, at Philadelphia, in 1787." It is said that Fitch told some visitors that, whether he lived to see it or not, this would be the way of crossing the Atlantic. "After which, one visitor said to the other, 'Poor fellow! what a pity he is crazy!'" Colonel Stevens, of New York, projected "the Atlantic ferry," and his little boat, the *Savannah*, sailed from the American port of that name on the 25th May, 1819, and arrived at Liverpool after a passage of thirty-five days. She had paddles which in favourable weather could be unshipped, so as not to interfere with the sailing power, for she was a full-rigged ship. She could only carry eighty tons of coal and some wood fuel. Her speed averaged, under steam, six knots. The first regular passenger steamer to make the voyage was the *Royal William*, which belonged to the Dublin Steam Packet Company. Her paddle wheels were twenty-four feet in diameter, and she was divided into watertight compartments, and was 145 feet long and carried 817 tons. She sailed from Liverpool first in July 1838, and was still in existence as a coal hulk, "about four years ago, when she was sold for the sum of £11."

We may contrast with this one of Messrs. Harland & Wolff's latest achievements. Mr. Maginnis tells us much about them and their gradual growth. The great Belfast builders boast that everything is produced on the spot. They build, fit, engine, and furnish the White Star Line at Belfast, and must give an immense impetus to all kinds of trade in the capital of loyal Ulster. Negotiations have long been on foot between the Admiralty and this and other companies, to arrange a connexion between the great mail lines and the Navy. The result is that all the larger ships of the White Star, Cunard, Inman, Orient, and Guion Companies are built on certain lines first laid down by Mr. Ismay, by which, in time of war, they can be converted immediately into cruisers. When we read in James's *Naval History* and such books of the men of war employed for months and years in guarding and "convoying" merchant ships, we feel that now the tables are turned. The fast mail steamer has nothing to fear from a man of war, and especially from a foreign man of war. There are very few war-ships, in any navy, which can steam twenty-one knots. There are very few mail steamers which cannot do it at an emergency and even more. Of course, fogs and such like accidents must be taken into the account. But fogs cause equal danger in time of peace, and the ship that encounters a man-of-war suddenly in thick weather, will, in all probability, be able easily to take advantage of the weather and slip away unseen.

Mr. Maginnis, with a view of illustrating the records of the great Atlantic lines, has compiled a wonderful and awe-inspiring diagram, to which we cannot undertake to do justice. It marks the improvements between 1840 and 1890. Here is a single item:—"It is interesting to observe that, as the time on passage gradually decreases from fourteen days eight hours to five days seventeen hours, the speed per hour gradually increases from 8½ to 20 knots." Another line in the diagram shows the gradual rising of steam pressure in boilers. In 1840, on the *Britannia*, it was 12 lbs. In 1869, on the *City of Brussels*, it was 30 lbs. These were in the days of single expansion. Double expansion raised the pressure to 60 lbs. on the *Oceanic*, and then came the mighty *Oregon*, thought at the time to be the most powerful ship, not only afloat, but likely ever to be built. She bore the tremendous pressure of 110 lbs.; but at the present day the *Teutonic* carries a pressure of 180 lbs., and a fresh departure has been made by which quadruple expansion is found possible, and 210 lbs. has been successfully tried. Mr. Maginnis has produced a book of very moderate size, but of extensive and enduring interest.

SHADOWS OF THE STAGE.*

THIS is a collection of essays, critical, historical, and biographical, written by a distinguished American critic, and collected by him from the magazines and newspapers, American and English, in which they originally appeared during a space of time extending from the year 1860 to the present. These, the impulse of which, we are told, is commemorative, comprise articles on Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry in some of

* *The Atlantic Ferry: its Ships, Men, and Working.* By Arthur J. Maginnis. Illustrated. London: Whittaker & Co. 1892.

* *Shadows of the Stage.* By William Winter. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1892.

their principal impersonations; Adelaide Neilson, Edwin Booth, Miss Mary Anderson, Jefferson, Florence, Charlotte Cushman, Lawrence Barrett, Miss Ada Rehan, Miss Geneviève Ward, Mr. Edward Willard, and other theatrical celebrities, including Mr. Richard Mansfield. Mr. Winter, who is equally at home on either side of the Atlantic, is thus advantageously placed in the comparison of the leading artists of both countries, and has from time to time recorded the apparently very vivid impressions he has experienced on various memorable occasions. Here we are brought face to face with what is at once the strength and weakness of the book, and illustrates the extreme difficulty of preserving, in permanent form, work whose original purpose was ephemeral. A valuable point is doubtless gained when a writer keenly sensitive to impression through the medium of his imagination, and possessing a ready command of copious and various epithet, is enabled to record his sensations before the warm glow of enthusiastic appreciation has died out of them. The necessary haste of composition is a valid excuse for the headlong rush of laudatory words, whose wasteful profusion not only palls upon the sense, but lowers the standard of the verbal currency when considered in cold blood. For the purpose of the day, the fervour of the writer may communicate itself to the reader. When the first glamour has passed away, the unrelieved splendour of words is apt to appear tawdry, even in the single composition, and when unmeasured eulogy follows unmeasured eulogy, as in a collection of this kind, the appreciation loses its full significance, and there is danger lest its object therefore be deprived of his due.

Taken one by one, and regarded in the light of their original intention, Mr. Winter's essays present features of very high merit. He possesses a full vocabulary, and uses it with freedom and vigour. His impulsive eloquence gives powerful and picturesque expression to catholic sympathies and cultured taste; but his most strenuous efforts, which should be his most brilliant, are marred by his want of reserve, by his irrepressible exuberance of words. With half his vocabulary, he would probably write twice as well. All his subjects are gods and goddesses, and his degree, in fact if not in form, is always superlative. It is possible to adopt the attitude of Sterne's model reader (quoted by Mr. Winter), and give up the reins of imagination into the author's hands, and be pleased one knows not why and cares not wherefore, without falling into a posture of ecstatic adoration. Much that is judicious, scholarly, and discriminating thus loses its effect. Much as we admire the power, subtlety, and humour of Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles, we may fairly doubt if the actor himself, or any one on his behalf, would care to claim that in it he made manifest his fallen godhead, and yet Mr. Winter finds in him this merit. It is, however, in his insistence on fine writing that the author is most vulnerable. Speaking of *Olivia*, he says:—"It is paternal love that thrills its structure" (whatever that may mean) "with light, warmth, colour, sincerity, moral force, and human significance." To the ordinary mind there is some vagueness of meaning in this passage:—"And when he is embodied by an actor, like Jefferson, who can elucidate his buoyant animal spirits, his gay audacity, his inveterate good-nature, his nimble craft, his jocular sportiveness, his shrewd knowledge of character and of society, and his scholar-like quaintness." All this about Dr. Pangloss? Elucidation is clearly wanted somewhere. In the same page there is also a reference to "hollow and metallic humour." The American language is not very obvious in these pages. One or two odd expressions occur with great frequency, and we get—"There was an influence back of that"; "And, back of all, the temperament of genius"; and "Back of the sweet dignity." We have also "equivoke" and "parvenue," when a common sex or, if any sex, the masculine is meant.

As a series of personal reminiscences the book will retain both its value and its attractiveness. It bears upon its face the author's enthusiastic temperament and thorough sincerity. Its critical significance is small. So far as the actors dealt with are concerned, their personality seems in each case to have thoroughly impressed itself upon Mr. Winter. As to the plays, the criticisms are fugitive, and were not written with a view to greater permanency than ordinarily attaches to a magazine article. It is to the credit of Mr. Winter's amiability of disposition that he everywhere deprecates the criticism which wounds, and there is not an ill-natured word in the book, which will be read and enjoyed by a large circle of Mr. Winter's friends in this country, as well as by those who take a personal interest in the men and women of whom he writes. The reminiscences do equal justice to American and to English talent, and it would be ungracious, on this side of the Atlantic at least, to complain that in these commemorative, appreciative criticisms the criticism should be less apparent than the appreciation. Mr. Winter dedicates his book to Mr. Henry Irving, "in memory and honour of all that he has done to dignify and adorn the stage and to ennoble society."

BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

WE happen to have seen, in a Separatist daily newspaper, a notice of Mr. Hume Williams's little book on Grattan's Parliament, which observed, in effect, that it was a harmless production, but that really it didn't in the least matter what the history of the Irish Parliament was. "Observe," continued (we still paraphrase) this mentor, "the poor people who attempt to judge politics from the standpoint of an acquaintance with Athens and Rome, with the Hohenstaufen and the seventeenth century. What dreadful messes they have made of politics!" It is rather curious that this *plusquam*-Walpolian contempt of history should be felt by the party which was never tired of boasting its possession of the late Mr. Freeman, and which generally prides itself on its "scientific" and "modern" views of things. For, if there is such a thing as a science of history, which we rather doubt, or a philosophy of history, which we are fully prepared to concede and insist upon, it follows, as the night the day, that the teachings of that science or philosophy must be applicable to future and present events, as well as to past. But there is not in reality much mystery about the matter. It is a generally observed fact that historical students have for the most part been on the Tory side, and in reference to Irish history particularly, it may be said with some confidence that there is not a person living who, having paid any special attention to the history of Ireland, possessing fair intellectual power, and not being tied by crotchet or otherwise to the Nationalist or Gladstonian cause, is a Home Ruler. It is not, therefore, surprising that Home Rulers should regard the study of Irish history much as the *Obscuri Viri* used to regard the study of Greek and Hebrew. Mr. Hume Williams is of a different opinion, though he may be a Home Ruler for all the "light" that he gives us. He does give us the impression (we could hardly tell how) of having "a gude conceit o' himself," which is not at all a bad thing to have if you can maintain it untouched by any qualms of doubt or convulsions of humour. But he has endeavoured to write impartially, and to a very considerable extent he has succeeded. His selection of documents to quote in his appendix is judicious, and, for so small a book, decidedly full; his account of the progress of events is accurate and readable enough. Such conclusions as he draws are sufficiently based. And what is the upshot of it all?

The common, if not the sole, Home Rule argument against the lessons of the last eighteen years of the eighteenth century is very well known, and obvious enough. "The enfranchised Parliament," the Separatists say, "despite its recovery of a quasi-independence by the repeal of Poynings' law and the other shackles, was not really representative of Ireland. It represented the Protestants only. There was the grossest boroughmongering, place-hunting, and the like. It was alternately bullied and bribed by the Viceroys, and by false Irishmen like Fitzgibbon." And so on. This argument is, we say, well known enough, and obvious enough; but its cogency is not quite so great as its obviousness. For it is to at least intelligent Unionists a matter of very little interest whether the Parliament of 1782-1800 did or did not legislate usefully for Ireland. It is not the welfare of Ireland in particular that any one who is wise enough not to be mealy-mouthed considers in the matter; but the welfare of the whole body politic, of which Ireland is but a member. We do not think that, as a matter of fact, Grattan's Parliament did much good to Ireland, and if it be asked "How could a Parliament of the minority be expected to do good to the majority?" we can reply, pretty forcibly, "How can a Parliament of the majority be expected to do justice to the minority?" But the very peculiarities which are objected by Home Rulers to the Parliament should have made it more, not less, likely to get on harmoniously with the Imperial Government. If it was an ascendency Parliament, it should have leaned to the ascendant; if it was a Parliament of boroughmongers and placemongers, it should have been subservient, not rebellious. Not to mention that, as is perfectly well known, the very charge of its non-popular character and origin is unhistorical. For whatever the Volunteer movement was, it was, if in no very good sense, "popular" enough, and the Roman Catholics were certainly eager enough for the abolition of Poynings' law till they saw how little good it did them.

* *The Irish Parliament from the Year 1782 to 1800.* By W. F. Hume Williams. London: Cassell. 1892.

The French Invasion of Ireland in 1798. By Valerian Gribayéodoff. New York: Somerby. 1892.

The Story of the Union told by its Plotters. By W. F. Dennehy. Dublin: Lalon. 1892.

The Church of Ireland. By Thomas Olden. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co. 1892.

About Ulster. By E. Lynn Linton. London: Methuen. 1892.

The Unionist Convention for Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, Dublin, 23rd June, 1892. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. 1892.

Yet, notwithstanding these things, the Parliament showed exactly those faults which Unionists fear to see repeated if a new edition of it were to be edited by Mr. Gladstone and published in Stephen's Green. Not merely in the famous trade and navigation debates, not merely in the indignation with which the "surplus contribution" to the Imperial navy was received, but always and everywhere a spirit of direct antagonism to England, of an intention to foil, thwart, and defeat the plans of English Ministers, was apparent. The Irish, in their new-found independence, were not less, but ten times more, suspicious and fractious than they had been previously. '98 may have put the finishing stroke to the conviction of England that it was impossible to retain in quasi-independence so dangerous and ill-willed a partner; but the fact had been obvious long before. When the Irish patriot felt himself strong, he used his strength to show England that she had better not interfere with him; and when he remembered his weakness, it bred in him frantic suspicions that his privileges were once more going to be taken away.

Now, what reason is there for supposing that the history which Mr. Hume Williams has summarized here would fail to be repeated if the experiment were tried once more, especially if it were tried under the conditions failing which Nationalists of all shades declare that they will never be satisfied? If Irishmen freed from Poynings' law were more troublesome than Irishmen under it, why should Irishmen freed, not merely from Poynings' law, but from a House of Lords, from a Ministry chosen by the English Government, and so forth, be more docile than those who were in the middle condition? Not only why should they be, but is there not the very strongest probability that they would not be? There is still time for Englishmen to put these questions to themselves; and, if anybody ever was guided to voting by a book, which we very much doubt, Mr. Hume Williams's book is the book for a Parliament man's hands.

Mr. Valerian Gribayéoff, despite his nobly Slavonic name, appears to be an American journalist, and he has written his account of Humbert's descent at Killala with all the glories of the American journalist's style and with an occasional attempt to pull the lion's tail. But Mr. Gribayéoff is a great deal better than his profession. He has taken much pains to get up the history of the "Castlebar Races," and their preface and sequel, from the not very well known contemporary and local accounts, and, despite his little rockets and squibs of Anglophobia, he is a scrupulously fair as well as painstaking writer. Except for Irishmen—who proved once more their utter untrustworthiness as "rebel" allies of any invader—the story is not unpleasant reading. The French behaved remarkably well; and as for the English, the scandalous and incomprehensible mismanagement of Lake at Castlebar was balanced by much good fighting even there, and by the courage and conduct of Vereker at Collooney. Mr. Gribayéoff has given a brief account of the subsequent fortunes of Humbert, who, for a revolutionary general, seems to have been a very decent fellow, and who came to grief owing to the fascinations of Pauline Bonaparte, not by any fault of his own. By the way, our author quotes in his preface some "English" general (he thinks it was Lord Wolseley) who boasted of the "glorious fact that the United Kingdom had not been insulted by the presence of an armed invader since the days of William the Conqueror." Lord Wolseley could not, and we hope no English general could, have made such a ridiculous assertion. Why, not to mention the "splore," which Mr. Gribayéoff himself chronicles, and without pretending to be exhaustive, was there not the French invasion in John's time, and "Martin Swart and his men" in Henry VII's, and the Spanish raid on Smerwick, and William the Deliverer's "Swiss, Swedes, and Brandenburghers," and James his foe's foreign auxiliaries, and the landing at Teignmouth, and Lord Cawdor's victory at Fishguard? The English general must have been speaking after dinner—very much after dinner. We have no more been free from invaders than other people, though we have, save only in the Dutchman's case, which was but half and half invasion, had a pretty knack of making it hot for them.

Mr. Dennehy's *Story of the Union told by its Plotters* reveals itself so candidly in its title that there is no need to say very much about it. That the good of the country is the supreme law; that the Irish Parliament had proved its existence to be incompatible with that good; that it had to be got out of the way somehow; and that Pitt and Cornwallis, Castlereagh and Clare, had to drive the nail where it would go, and cut their coat according to their cloth:—these simple homely truths Mr. Dennehy would doubtless not believe if he could; nay, to do him justice, it would probably be a moral impossibility for him to believe them even if he wished to do so. So he blusters as usual, and as usual the bluster is vain breath.

A history of the Church of Ireland by a staunch member of that Church may be thought likely to present some difficulties.

But Mr. Olden's knowledge is great, and he has the historic conscience which sometimes, though not by any means always, accompanies knowledge. Save for a few little flings at his own countrymen, and one at least at those Anglicans who complain of the Disestablished Church for tampering with the Prayer-book, we have noticed no evidences of undue partisanship; while the history is everywhere given with accuracy, with as much fulness as the limits will allow, and with abundant and useful reference to original authorities. The book, some three-fifths of which deal with the Church before and at the time of the Conquest, has excellent maps. It is only necessary to add that Mr. Olden is unsparing on the disgraceful mismanagement which in the last century brought the Church into such a plight that it had no power of self-defence left, and that its best friends were hampered in fighting for it when its hour came.

About Ulster is a vigorously written little pamphlet published in the middle of the late elections by Mrs. Lynn Linton in the hope, we suppose, of influencing votes. Alas! if the voters would not listen to the constant and notorious teaching of the last twelve years, we fear it was hopeless to expect them to listen to Mrs. Lynn Linton.

It was very desirable that the proceedings of the Dublin Convention which three months ago mustered to represent the Unionists of the three Southern Provinces, as that at Belfast just before had represented Ulster, should be properly recorded, and this has been done in a neat little volume containing full reports of speeches, &c., lists of the constituents and delegates, and portraits of some of the more prominent members. The thing, we say, was desirable; it is well done; and it should be useful. But what is really important is that the persons here enumerated, who comprise all the best and most respectable names of the three provinces, should not get into their heads, or allow others to get into theirs, the fatal notion that, having "convented" and redacted the results of their convention, they have nothing more to do but to go play. We speak not at a venture, but as those who know, when we say that great part of the difficulty of getting Englishmen to realize the horrible wrongs which Mr. Gladstone's threatened legislation would impose on Ireland is due to the supineness of the Irish Loyalists on recent occasions. They must not only talk, they must do: or we on this side cannot help them.

THE GARDEN OF JAPAN.*

MR. PIGOTT gives us, on p. 17, a graceful poem in which a pretty girl is represented as holding up a spray of the beautiful *Pyrus spectabilis* to her own fair cheek, and "turning to her lover,

With wanton lips she cries,
‘Which, Dearest, think you fairer?’

‘The flower, sweetheart, the garden’s pride,
Quite kills the beauty at my side,
Her love at once replies.’

Such an answer could only come from a Japanese lover. It is no exaggeration to say that there is nothing which the people admire out of a pure and honest heart so much as they do flowers, and certainly there are few countries in the world which are so rich in these natural beauties as their own. In Southern China, where the flora approaches nearest to that of Japan in brilliancy and profusion, the people, in the unenthusiastic manner common to them, take nothing more than a languid interest in their lovely surroundings, and although, when the spring and autumn flowers first burst into bloom, the leisured classes may occasionally be seen making holiday among the flowers, their admiration is, after all, tainted by a *nil admirari* affectation. But even these expeditions are reserved for the few, and resemble more the annual excursion to Bushey Park on Chestnut Sunday than national festivals. With the Japanese it is very different. At the season of the blooming of the camellias, the cherry, the wistaria, azaleas, and numbers of other flowers, the people go out into the country in their thousands to admire, and almost to worship, the objects of their search. Some of the commonest pictures in Japanese albums show us crowds of townspeople, singly, in groups, and in families, trooping out into the country districts to revel in the beauties which nature has provided for them; and calendars are frequently to be met with which, reflecting the national taste, are regulated less by months and by days than by the budding and blossoming of the flowers.

No doubt such calendars suggested to Mr. Pigott the notion of arranging his book in the form of a year's diary of flowers. The

* *The Garden of Japan: a Year's Diary of its Flowers.* By F. T. Pigott. London and Orpington: George Allen. 1892.

idea is a happy one, and has been admirably worked out in the present instance. The illustrations are excellent, and are not numerous enough to obscure the text, in which are described pleasantly, and not at too great a length, the objects depicted. Beginning with New Year's Day, we are carried through the months until, in the end of November, "the Maples gather round the closing scene," like crimson clouds reflecting "the sunset of flower-life in Japan." Even in winter the people find objects of admiration in the pine-trees and waving bamboos, which are at all times beautiful in their eyes, whether when bending beneath the weight of snow or when waving in the summer breeze against the clear sky of heaven. On New Year's Day branches of these two trees, and of the plum, are sent from house to house as emblems of the good wishes emblematised by these "three friends of winter."

But scarcely have their sombre beauties ceased to attract admiration than the plum-trees, whose bare branches have until now been objects of worship, break out into blossom, covering the hedges and orchards with a wealth of white and pink, which look—so think the Japanese—like flakes of snow tinged by the setting sun. The appearance of these "eldest flowers of mother earth" is the signal for the "girls' festival," when maidens—attended and unattended—wander in the country to welcome, with the song of the nightingale, these harbingers of spring. From this time onward to the end of summer a quick succession of flowers claims and receives the wondering attention of the people. The bare record of their names would convey a totally inadequate idea of their infinite beauty; for in Japan, as Mr. Pigott says, "Nature, by some quaint trick of her own invention, has contrived to mingle the loveliness of the Alps with the splendour of the tropics," and the flowers which bloom in Japan as much exceed in beauty their representatives which are known to us as the sunshine of the East excels the cloudy glimmering of an English sky. No one who is familiar only with camellias grown in this climate can have any idea of the reckless profusion of the blossoms or of the extraordinary height to which the shrubs grow in sheltered spots in Japan. No sooner has the wind scattered these brilliant blossoms than the snow-white cherry flowers—which, as the Japanese proverb says, are to all other flowers what the Samurai were to the rest of mankind—chronicle the advent of the floral festival, when "every woman in this land of fair and gentle women dons her finest raiment and her gayest dress, and goes forth, as it were, to a marriage festival."

It is curious to find that, among all the wealth of native flowers, roses, which are indigenous over all the temperate regions of the Northern hemisphere, were until lately unknown in Japan. When the craving for things European first seized the public mind a furor for the possession of roses, pigs, and rabbits, which had up to that time been strangers in the land, broke out among the people. Fabulous prices—prices such as those at which pieces of real Satsuma ware are knocked down at Christie's—were freely given by amateurs and speculators for rose-trees and pigs. Before long, however, the bubble burst, and those gardeners and farmers who had possessed their souls in patience were soon able to buy the products of successive importations at a hundredth part of the prices given at the first outbreak of the mania. What the native opinion now is of pigs and rabbits it is not our purpose to inquire, and it is not necessary to ask in what estimation roses are held. They flourish everywhere, and are conspicuous objects in those gardens which Mr. Pigott describes with so much sympathetic admiration.

THE LOCOMOTIVE AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.*

THE title of this book tends to convey a rather false impression of the contents. The reader must not when turning to the *Locomotive and its Development* expect to find an exhaustive treatise, which could not be condensed into a work of its size, but rather a *précis* of the subject. In Chapter i. Mr. Stretton begins with a description of locomotives used on private lines for goods and mineral traffic. Chapter ii., which consists of a description of the early engines employed on public railways, gives illustrations (occasionally to scale) of the chief patterns, together with official tables of dimensions of locomotives used on the "Stockton and Darlington," "Liverpool and Manchester," and "Leicester and Swannington" lines. Pages 63-90 of Chapter iii. are, more or less, devoted to a brief account of the "Battle of the Gauges." We will not discuss the technical arguments used in favour of the "Broad Gauge." No one for a moment doubts their preponderance over the technical

arguments used against it. The only questions that remain are, Were the Directors of the Great Western Railway right in adopting their engineer's suggestion, having due regard to the mileage of existing narrow-gauge lines? And did Brunel weigh this important consideration sufficiently before making the suggestion? We are disposed to answer the first of these questions in the affirmative. If directors of railways were a little more inclined to follow the advice of their engineers, much expense would often be saved.

It is one of the misfortunes of the engineering profession that it is so little understood by the laity, and that, as soon as a man finds himself a railway director, he is apt to imagine that he is also an engineer to the manner born. We will dismiss the second question by reminding our readers that one of the most difficult tasks an engineer is called upon to perform, and the one over which he is most likely to stumble, is to properly subordinate purely scientific projects to the exigencies of precedent and finance. The desire for novelty is so great that in many instances the essential point of economy in working has been completely lost sight of. There is at the present day but little divergence of opinion among engineers as to the superiority of the "broad gauge," though we are inclined to think that some of the arguments that have been urged in its favour would hardly bear the test of rigorous examination. On the crucial point of smoothness of running there is but one verdict. The moral of the whole story is that the scheme that is theoretically the best must also be the best practically; and in considering a scheme, before laying it before a board of directors, engineers should bear in mind that it is often an easier matter to invent an improvement than to ensure its universal adoption.

Chapter iv. gives a very good description of modern locomotives, by which Mr. Stretton means locomotives built in the last twenty years. We think it is a pity that there are only two systems of "Compound" dealt with, leaving out entirely the "four-cylinder" systems which are used in America and the French three-cylinder system. The last chapter contains a good account of "Giffard's Injector," the "Sand Blast," and "Joy's Valve Gear." The printing is good and the illustrations fair. There are one or two printer's errors; but, on the whole, it is very accurate. The book is likely to fulfil the purpose for which it was written—namely, a popular history of the "Development of the Locomotive."

THE CAREER OF COLUMBUS.

IT is a consummation most devoutly to be wished that gentlemen who write Lives of Christopher Columbus would remember that he is memorable because he discovered America, and not because he was the son of this or the other weaver; not because he was born in Genoa itself or in Quinto; not because he did or did not learn his book at Pavia; not because he did or did not sail with the sea rover Coulon de Casenove; not because his wife was Philippa Moñiz de Perestrello, or Philippa Moñiz without any Perestrello. One would really think, to judge by the way in which modern biographers divide their books, that these are the interesting things about the "Grand Admiral of the Ocean Sea," and not his discoveries. Mr. Henry Harrisse, who to be sure calls his book *Etudes d'Histoire Critique*, gives much the better part of his first fat volume to these questions, and nearly all the second, and fatter, to the genealogies of the Admiral's descendants. The voyages are sandwiched between, as if they were of no interest to speak of. Mr. Harrisse has done good critical work which is of real use, but it was his object to clear up doubtful points, and give the whole process of inquiry. His two vast volumes on Columbus, and the attendant small craft devoted to Ferdinand Columbus and the "Colombos of France and Italy," form a mine of material for the biographer. But they are not biography. The biographer ought, we take it, to say with Dean Milman, "My aim has been to write a history, not a succession of dissertations on history; to give with as much life and reality as I have been able the results, not the process, of inquiry." Because they wish to rival Mr. Harrisse, because they burn to prove Columbus a liar, because they cannot resist that pleasure of making endless suppositions and discussing minute points which is so dear to Dryasdust, or perhaps for another reason which will suggest itself to the reader at once, biographers have taken to applying themselves to detailing the process, and not to giving the results, of inquiry with life and reality.

Mr. Elton's *Career of Columbus* is certainly far more pleasantly written than most of the dull or silly books about the explorer which have come in our way of late. But when we say that, of

* *The Locomotive Engine and its Development.* By Clement E. Stretton, F.C.S. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

* *The Career of Columbus.* By Charles L. Elton, F.S.A., Q.C. With Map. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. (Lim.) 1892.

the eighteen chapters in which it is divided, twelve are given to the Admiral's life before he sailed from Palos, and six to his real work, it will be seen that this biographer also differs from us materially in his estimate of the relative importance of the different parts of his subject. Mr. Elton, as we have said, writes pleasantly, with an eye for the picturesque, and a commendable desire to believe all the romantic things which are believabale about the Admiral. This is the sound spirit, and we are with Mr. Elton when he says, quoting Gilbert, that "the only matter of abiding interest is 'the consideration of the inward man.'" So it is. But surely the "inward man" can be learnt much better from the Admiral's deeds as an explorer, from his diaries and letters, which begin with his first voyage, than from descriptions of the University of Pavia and the trade of Genoa, or from excursion on the Coulons and the Norse voyages to Vinland, or even from detailed accounts of the little which is known of him before he came to Spain. Yet it is these latter things which fill two-thirds of Mr. Elton's book. The inevitable result is that, when we do at last come to those deeds of the Admiral's which can alone give the rest any interest, the narrative is necessarily so compressed that it is jejune.

Mr. Elton has to some extent been misled by his reliance on the much debated "Historie" of Ferdinand Columbus. Now, there is no doubt as to the authenticity of this book. Mr. Harrisse, who questioned it years ago, has "sung the palinode" frankly since the publication of Las Casas's *Historia de las Indias*. That Ferdinand did write a life of his father, that it was based on his own personal knowledge and the Admiral's papers, that it was used with explicit acknowledgments by Las Casas, that it was the original of the Italian "Historie" published by Ulloa in 1571—these are fixed points. Therefore the "Historie" is to be used as an authority; but the biographer need not be more Royalist than the King. He need not give Don Ferdinand for more than Don Ferdinand gives himself. Now, with a candour which does him infinite honour, the Admiral's younger son has left it on record, as a warning to all men, that he was no authority whatever for his father's early life. The words of Don Ferdinand are as plain as the words of any gentleman can well be. Mr. Elton himself quotes them, and we after him:—

"Of his voyages to the east and west, and many other things about his early days, I have no perfect knowledge, because he died when I was confined by my filial duty, and had not the boldness to ask him to give me an account of them, or (to speak the truth) being but young, I was at that time far from being troubled with such thoughts."

Don Ferdinand was no doubt a modest boy with a proper reverence for his great father. Moreover, he was not a fool, and he knew that Don Cristobal was not a person of much patience with bores—witness the unlucky Spaniard whom he knocked down at Seville. If Ferdinand had been tiresome with questions about the early weaver days, of which the Admiral did not care to speak, it is more than probable that the answer would have been given with a rope's-end. But, from whatever cause, he was chary of questions, he has certainly given all students fair warning not to trust him when what he says is inconsistent with probability, or with other evidence. If Mr. Elton had made more allowance for this he would, we cannot but think, have wasted less time on very dubious stories about the early life of Columbus. There is the story that he went to the University of Pavia which can be traced back to the "Historie." It is contrary to all probability, and to the Admiral's own explicit declaration that he had followed the sea from his earliest youth. Mr. Elton is, no doubt, right in saying that students went to mediaeval Universities at a very tender age; but they did not finish their course there before they were fourteen, at which date in his life the Admiral was apprenticed as a weaver to his father. Then there is the story, based, it must be confessed, on the Admiral's own written word about a cruise as captain in the service of King René, and in search of a vessel called *La Ferdinandina*. King René ceased to have galleys after 1461, at which time Columbus was fifteen years old, and had left the University of Pavia for about a year if he ever was there. This is absurd. It is infinitely more probable that the Admiral has been misunderstood, or that his memory was at fault, or that he was romancing, than that the son of an obscure weaver was in a post only to be held by a noble and a man of experience at the ridiculously early age of fifteen. Then there is the story that he sailed with Coulon de Casenove, called by the Italians Colombo il Zovene, and was wrecked after a fight between that Gascon corsair and the Venetians off Cape St. Vincent, which we are told was the immediate cause of his settlement in Portugal. Unfortunately this story, which one would like to believe, literally bristles with impossibilities. The great fight between Coulon and the Venetians took place in 1485. At that

date Columbus had left Portugal, and was in Spain. Mr. Elton gives up 1485, but maintains that the fight which threw Columbus on the coast of Portugal was one which took place in 1470. But it is certain that in 1471 Columbus acted as surety for his father at Savona, and was then described as a weaver of Genoa. The documents are in existence. It is the more extraordinary that Mr. Elton should make this slip because he is perfectly well aware of the survival of these documents, and even tells us that they had been consulted long ago by Giambattista Ferreri, who was quoted by Salineri in his edition of *Tacitus*. Here, again, the balance of probability is very heavy against the story. On the whole, the more one reads all this dubious matter, and the endless inconclusive argument for and against, the more does one wish that biographers of Columbus would remember the famous heads for reflection given out to the religious of the house dedicated to St. George. You will reflect, said the Principal (obviously a man of great natural sense), that we know very little about Saint George, that the little we do know is uncertain, and that it is highly improbable that we ever shall know any more. If biographers would only devote twenty-four hours to turning these propositions over in their minds they would, we are sure, not spend two-thirds of their books before they reach the deeds which make Columbus at all interesting.

This virtue should be the more easy to them because, from the date of the discovery, the evidence as to the life and character of the Grand Admiral of the Ocean Sea becomes extraordinarily full and interesting. Much of it is from his own hand, much from contemporaries who knew him. The relations of Columbus to the Catholic Sovereigns and their courtiers, to his crews and officers, his conduct as Governor, his very dreams, and the wild things he said and wrote in his hours of bodily pain, danger, and disappointment are all there for the biographer to work on. They give among them the picture of an extraordinary man surrounded by interesting people. Isabel and Ferdinand, Deza and Talavera, the Pinzons, Ovando, and Bobadilla are ten thousand times more interesting than poor bankrupt Domenico Colombo and his greedy son-in-law Bavarello. Yet these last are the unimportant creatures we are asked to read about. The biographer appears to have taken Faust's sarcasm seriously. His model is the historian who

Mit gier' Hand nach Schätzen gräbt,
Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet.

From such labours what is to be expected but

Ein Kehrichtfass und eine Rumpelkammer?

Having, we trust, a proper respect for Mr. Elton's great learning, we have not the heart to dwell on the dry bones to which he has contrived to reduce the real life of Columbus in the over-crowded and breathless last third of his volume. Mr. Elton might have told the story well. In the earlier part of his book there are spirited, readable, and scholarly passages about the Coulons, the sea life of the fifteenth century, and the supposed discovery of Vinland by the Norse—though on that point Mr. Elton is, we think, unduly sceptical. Unluckily these things are not the life of Columbus. That Mr. Elton has crowded out. And now, if the candid reader asks, "Whom, then, ought I to read, since all the world is talking of Columbus celebrations?" our answer is, Read the old books. Read Don Ferdinand—he will give you the spirit; read the letters of Columbus, published by the Hakluyt Society; read Washington Irving—he suffers from the temporary misfortune of being a little old-fashioned, and not yet old enough to be ancient. He wears a blue coat high in the waist, jean trousers, and a buff waistcoat, with a frill on his shirt front. But, if the dress is out of date, it is gentlemanly and not inelegant; and the root of the matter was in him. He gave the results of the inquiry with life and reality, and does not tumble out the whole Kehrichtfass und Rumpelkammer which he has been compelled to sift in the process of inquiry. Still less does he take you by the ear, and drag your nose down to the Regenwürmer which he has grubbed out of the dust-heaps himself.

FAITHFUL SERVANTS.*

BELIEVING that good and faithful servants are rapidly becoming scarce in England, Mr. Munby has collected in this volume a number of epitaphs and obituary notices recording the virtues of servants who died respected by their employers. His reason for taking this trouble appears to have been that he

* *Faithful Servants; being Epitaphs and Obituaries*. Edited, and in part collected, by Arthur J. Munby, M.A., F.S.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Reeves & Turner.

hopes, though he almost despairs of seeing his hope fulfilled, that these records may impress on both masters and servants "a sense of the fact that all honest service, and chiefly all domestic service, is worthy of respect and honour." We cannot altogether sympathize with him in his lament over the decay of old servants. Our own experience leads us to the conclusion that old servants are apt to be troublesome; they are horribly obstructive, and resent any change in their employers' domestic arrangements, even though it would lighten their own duties; they tyrannize over other servants often far more efficient than themselves, are always trying to manage the house, and are very rarely smart either in dress or action. Nor do we think that good servants are dying out, though happily they do not often stay so long in their places as many of those whose epitaphs are given here. Of course, like most other good things, they are more costly than in bygone times; but, if a master gives the full market-price for their services, and treats them with ordinary consideration, he will get good servants and keep them as long as is for his comfort. Mr. Munby's epitaphs are, for the most part, quite commonplace, and, except as a means of filling a certain number of pages, we do not see why they should have been printed; for to have told the world that he and his friends had seen seventeen tombstones erected to servants by their former employers in Yorkshire would, we imagine, have been just as likely, or unlikely, to benefit living masters and servants as to print and publish such facts as that John Jones, Esq., had a stone put up to the memory of Sarah Smith, for fifty years a valued servant in his family. As may be supposed, from the number of Yorkshire epitaphs, this collection, though founded on work of an earlier compiler, does not aim at completeness; indeed, only two epitaphs are given from Somerset and one from Devonshire. Some few of the tombstones were put up by masters or mistresses of note; but it is seldom that our interest in the lives of eminent persons extends to their butlers and housemaids. Nor is there anything specially valuable in the fact that a duke or a poet put up a stone to a servant who had spent many years in his service; the merit of fulfilling so obvious a duty is not exceptionally great. Three or four only of Mr. Munby's epitaphs are quaint. Two slightly interested us. One of these at Wootton, in Warwickshire, is in memory of John Hoitt, who died in 1802, at the age of eighty-five years, and tells us that Hoitt "was huntsman to Somerville and others near seventy years, but his occupation in the fields where he eminently excelled did not prevent his attention to other business, or prevent him from bringing up a large family, by care and industry, with credit." Some lines follow, beginning:—

Here Hoitt, all his sports and labours past,
Joins his loved master Somerville at last.

Somerville was Shenstone's friend, William Somerville, the author of *The Chace* and other poems. The other, at Washington, in Sussex, is to James Figg, "kinsman and honest domestic servant to Dr. Thomas Waldgrave," vicar of the parish. Figg was, as his epitaph also informs us, "the son of that gallant swordsman James Figg of Thame, who was sometime a Master of Defence to the Nobility and Gentry of England." One of the elder Figg's famous combats with "the intrepid Sutton" will be remembered by all who have read *The Virginians*, even though they may know little of the annals of the Ring.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

TWELVE Months in Peru is a lady's account of a pluckily undertaken and heartily enjoyed tour in the interior of Peru. Yet we do not feel able to call it well told. There is a want of perspective about it, and the account of native cookery, Spanish-American habits of life, the late war with Chili, Pizarro, Lord Dundonald, and President Pierola are all strangely jumbled together. The writer saw the defunct Panama Canal, with a number of vessels, trucks, and dredgers idly rotting. This is perhaps worth telling, but it was not worth while to tell us of the railway, of which every one who takes an interest in Central America has heard, and over which no one, we believe, has ever travelled without being told that an Irish labourer died for every sleeper that was laid. She did not see the Nicaragua Canal, but declares that the United States are rapidly pushing on with its construction. The most interesting part of Mrs. Clarke's book is that describing her visit to what she calls "Nature's sanctorum" (*sic*), the high country of the Cordilleras, where the

great height causes the strange phenomenon known as *sorroche*, which in its severest forms causes headache, sickness, fainting, and bleeding at the nose and ears. Garlic and patience are the only native remedies. These prodigious mountains contain great silver mines which Anglo-Indians will be sorry to hear are being energetically "exploited." Mrs. Clarke looks forward to a time when the railway, which already has climbed these enormous mountains, through sixty tunnels and over many frail-looking bridges at dizzy heights, will "connect Peru with Amazonian commerce, and facilitate the development of this vast region's wealth through the medium of Pacific waters." Probably ere this somewhat vague prophecy comes to pass the Australian colonist will be taking his seat at Singapore in the train for Calais, for Peru will require many years to recover from the effects of the Chilean war, the loss of its guano and nitrate provinces, and the revolution and social disorganization which has followed. It is pleasant to read that the English Minister, Sir Spencer St. John, and the foreign ships of war and Volunteers, saved Lima from being sacked and ruined. We would willingly have been told more about the present state of the "Silver-gated City of the Kings," in whose red-hot *plazas* Basil Hall smoked so many cigars; but we do not want to hear about Pizarro, still less about the lady who is mentioned in the Roman Calendar as St. Rose of Lima. Mrs. Clarke unfortunately writes in the fashion of country newspapers twenty years ago, straining after effect, and making little jokes, which irritate the reader who wants to make out what she saw. The illustrations are from photographs, and give a good idea of the country; the letterpress is printed in large clear type, and there is very little of it.

Mrs. Monck's visit to Canada, recorded in *My Canadian Leaves*, was paid under very favourable circumstances. As the sister-in-law of the "G. G.," as she calls the Governor-General, she must have been in the thick of all the gossip, rumours of wars, political intrigues, and discontents of the time, and it was a stirring time indeed. Confederation was the burning question of the day, the "Dominion of Canada" was being constructed, and the minor colonies, such as "New Brunswick and Nova Scotia," were grumbling bitterly at the idea of being deprived of their separate existence; the *Trent* affair had brought England so near to war with what were then called the Federal States that the Guards had been sent over to Canada, which country was also being made a base of operations for filibustering Confederate expeditions, while the Fenians were shrieking like stormy petrels at the prospect of a row. But of all this no hint appears in Mrs. Monck's pages, save when at intervals "the G.G." receives a telegram and has to leave his dinner to see about it. They seemed to have danced and sleighed and flirted and tobogganed as merrily as though all was peace, undisturbed by the echoes of that great American Civil War which the writer declares she never will be able to understand. Gossip, of a sort, there is; Mr. Lyulph Stanley appears, with "strong Northern proclivities," and we are told how, when as a small boy his mother scolded him, he said, when she paused for breath, "Proceed, you interest me." She mentions, too, good Bishop Mountain of Quebec, and his accomplished daughter, who afterwards settled at Cambridge, and is not yet forgotten by her many friends there. Moreover, she displays a true instinct in picking out the late Sir John Macdonald ("J. A." she calls him) as the leading spirit of the time. But too much of the book is taken up with her fear of ships and water, her fear of Thunder—which she spells thus out of respect—of snow, &c. There is a great deal of perfectly innocent gossip, no hard word is said of any one; but the picnics and the balls and the amateur theatricals, which were so amusing then, seem rather thin after thirty years. Her book distinctly makes us feel that women wore crinoline and played croquet in those days; but we do not get the slightest insight into public feeling in Canada during those eventful years, or anything beyond mere domestic chatter. One quotation will explain:—

We found the table *perfectly black* with these little beasts of house flies; it is one of the miseries of a Canadian summer. . . . More officers dined. Great American news came in, and they were in such excitement. I am so stupid; I know nothing at all about the war, and never *shall* understand it; all I know is that the rebels (?) are supposed to be marching on Washington.

July 11th.—We talked a good deal, as it was too hot to go out. There was a Thunder storm, and the unkind servant refused to let me into the cellar, and seemed quite surprised at my asking to be admitted, so I shut myself up in a dark room with D— until it was nearly over.

* *Twelve Months in Peru*. By E. B. Clarke. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

My Canadian Leaves: an Account of a Visit to Canada in 1864-1865. By Frances E. O. Monck. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

THE AUSTRALIAN AT HOME.*

MR. KINGLAKE'S *Australian at Home* contains a brightly written, though somewhat slight, description of the industries, society, sports, and habits of our kinsfolk on the other side of the world. All that he tells us bears out what we have learned from other authorities on the subject of the Australian colonies; we mean their strikingly English character. This resemblance to their parent stock is of course due in a great measure to their insular position. The peculiarities of the inhabitants of the British isles were originally produced by their being cut off from the continent of Europe by a narrow strait, and how deeply marked those peculiarities are we find out every time that we cross that strait. Continental nations, separated only by rivers, mountains, or imaginary lines, cannot help recognizing one another's existence; the poorest French peasant, for example, has heard of Prussians, and knows that they speak a language which is not his own; but the English farm-labourer, and many Englishmen in a higher social position, may pass through life without realizing the fact that there are people in the world who do not speak English, and yet are not savages. The greater part of the original colonists went out to Australia at a time when these insular prejudices and ideas had been intensified by the long war with France, by which Englishmen were rigidly excluded from the Continent, and when patriotism was thought to consist in regarding all foreigners from the point of view of the elder Mr. Osborne in *Vanity Fair*. Starting thus entirely free from any but British influences, they came into a country which contained nothing whatever which could modify their ideas. They had to bring with them British corn to grow, British sheep and cattle to rear, and merely regarded the black-fellows, gum-trees, and kangaroos as incidents connected with un-tilled land, which it was their duty to clear away in the interests of civilization. They came from an island near Europe to a larger island near nowhere, and they have been ever since developing their ideal of the British character with no modifying influences save that of climate. As far as towns go, they have succeeded in reproducing Birmingham and Manchester, especially in their latest developments of tram-cars, telephones, &c.; but apparently the English village is an organism which will not bear transplantation. In Europe we began with villages and evolved towns from them; in Australia, it seems that the towns grow first, and that the people do not care to live outside of them. Indeed, what Mr. Kinglake calls "the weird fascination of the Bush" seems to require a special temperament or a special education before it is appreciated, though he quotes the admirable chapter of *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, describing how the stockman's little child wandered away and was lost, to show its charms. As for the hill-country, Marcus Clarke, the Australian novelist, says:—"A poem like 'L'Allegro' could never be written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountains are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle in their black gorges a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock-clefts. From the melancholy gum-trees strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of those frowning hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great grey kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out shrieking like evil souls. The sun sinks suddenly, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. All is fear-inspiring and gloomy."

We do not wonder at men craving for the cheerfulness of a town after scenes like these. Yet, as cricketing men well know, the young Australian, in spite of his town-life and his hot climate, does not show any tendency towards physical degeneration. We wish that we could find room to quote Mr. Kinglake's humorous advice to "new chums," and his account of colonial society, education, newspapers, &c. We like best of all his story of an Australian agriculturist who, after a visit to England, declared that it contained "good land, plenty of good land; but it was all 'taken up.'"

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.†

THREE places in England are especially connected in our minds with the burial of our kings. They are all in the southern part of our island and lie, not far apart, in adjoining counties. Egbert and eight of his successors were buried at

Winchester, the last of them being the Red King, whose body, conveyed in a cart from the New Forest, was laid beneath the great tower. Seven years later the tower fell upon it, which many took to be a special judgment upon the sin of laying so wicked a man in a place so holy. Thirteen kings sleep in Westminster Abbey, as well as five queens in their own right, two Maries, two Elizabeths, and one Anne, not to mention the Scottish Mary, who by many was held to be queen of England. Edward IV. was the first of our kings to be buried at Windsor, but his predecessor, Henry VI., was eventually laid there too; and, counting from him to William IV., seven kings in all lie in the chapel of St. George. But if we go systematically through the list we find that, besides the twenty-eight, exclusive of queens, who are buried at Windsor, Westminster, and Winchester, almost an equal number—namely, twenty-three, if not more—are buried on the Continent, or in various places besides the three already named in our own island. William the Conqueror was buried in the great abbey he had founded at Caen; and there his body, or what is left of it, still rests. Mr. Wall goes but slightly into the story of the claim made by FitzArthur, or Ascolin, to the ground in which the grave had been made; but the story seems to be perfectly authentic. The land had been wrested from its owner, like another Nabor's vineyard; yet, strange to say, William took it to build an abbey on the site, and, stranger still, this building was made in submission to a penance imposed on him by the Pope for marrying Matilda of Flanders, to whom he was related within the prohibited degrees; which seems strangest of all, for was not William counted a bastard? Altogether, the history of William's burial, like that of his birth, is a tissue of difficulties which even Mr. Freeman has not succeeded in completely unravelling. Mr. Wall is by no means critical, and asks no questions as to the authorities from whose work he compiles. He gives an engraving of William's tomb, afterwards destroyed, and another of the tomb of Rufus, which is now again in its old place in the choir of Winchester, having been removed to a space at the back of the screen, notwithstanding the indignation of archaeologists and the public in general, in 1868, at one of the periodical "restorations" which have obliterated so much of interest in this formerly ancient, but now new, cathedral. In another renovated English church, at Worcester, John was buried in 1216, but the tomb, as we see it, only dates from the sixteenth century. The beautiful and fairly genuine effigy and canopy over the grave of Edward II. in Gloucester Cathedral are well known, and Mr. Wall accords them an admirable woodcut. Henry IV. is buried at Canterbury, and here again Mr. Wall's woodcut leaves nothing to be desired. The body of Richard III. was buried in the Grey Friars Church at Leicester, exhumed at the Dissolution, and lost. The stone coffin became a horse-trough; but even this was destroyed about the end of the reign of George I., and the fragments are said to have been used in forming the steps of a cellar at the White Horse Inn. James II. was buried, but not until 1824, in the church of St. Germain, where he had died in 1701. During the interval the king's body, embalmed, was moved about from one church to another, and barely escaped destruction in the confusion of the Revolution. A monument was set up by order of George IV., and it has been restored by Queen Victoria; but we confess to a certain confusion of mind after reading Mr. Wall's account of the tomb. Clearness of narrative is not Mr. Wall's strong point, and it would not be easy to determine which of several monuments is depicted in an excellent example of delicate wood engraving at p. 449. There is an outline of the fine monument of the Old Pretender and his two sons, which Canova erected for George IV. in St. Peter's at Rome.

The engravings all through the book are good, though of various degrees of merit. Those which illustrate the ossuary chests on the side-screens at Winchester are among the best. They are drawn by the author, and engraved by Messrs. Ford & Wall. It seems a waste of time and space to take up so large a part of the book with the often wholly apocryphal sepulchres of British and early Saxon kings. The whole volume consists of 480 pages, and it is only at p. 204 that we reach the Conquest. The history of the grave of Alfred is the most interesting passage in all these notes about the Mercian, the East Saxon, the Northumbrian, and East Anglian Royal tombs. Alfred had founded an abbey close to the Cathedral at Winchester, and desired to be buried in it. There was considerable friction between the new minster and the old, and eventually the new was removed to a place without the city walls, where it was known as Hyde Abbey. The ruins of the abbey buildings were finally destroyed to make way for a Bridewell, but a grave slab which bore the name of Alfred was found by the workmen, and is now at

* *The Australian at Home*. By Edward Kinglake. London: The Leadenhall Press.

† *The Tombs of the Kings of England*. By J. Charles Wall. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Corby Castle. Some bones, possibly those of Alfred, were removed to the churchyard of St. Bartholomew's close by; and there, under the chancel window, marked by a stone on which a cross is cut, the visitor may fancy himself standing by the grave of Alfred. The misprints are numerous and bad. We are told, for example, that the arms on the tomb of Edward III. are for "Carlisle and Leon," that "super Aethera notus" means "of fame above our Heaven," "viscera" is always treated as a noun of the singular number, and a good many sentences cannot be parsed; yet Mr. Wall has produced a really interesting and curious book; and, if any of us still retain a taste for sepulchral horrors, some of his chapters should satisfy the most morbid craving.

STRAY RECORDS.*

IN spite of Mr. Clifford Harrison's modest preface to *Stray Records*, these two volumes are likely to prove more popular, as they are certainly more entertaining, than some of the more pretentious and more important memoirs of the present publishing season. The author does not even claim for them the name of "Memoirs," but is content with the simple sub-title of "Personal and Professional Notes." This is certainly the best description of them. For there is little arrangement, and all attempt at chronology is avoided. Their spontaneity, *naïveté*, and freshness recall the *Autobiography* of Benvenuto Cellini, minus those elements that shock the British Matron, male and female. The author has, however, carried the principle of printing things as they came from the pen almost too far. We do not know whether Vathek is spelt Vathee, Otranto Orento, from careless spelling or careless printing; but they look extraordinary. Another curious slip for Mr. Clifford Harrison, painter as well as reciter, to make is calling the Hamilton Palace Botticelli "The Last Judgment"; for we presume he is referring to the splendid "Assumption of the Virgin" now in the National Gallery, no picture with the former name by Botticelli being known in the Hamilton collection. Again, he speaks of Beckford's name as if it was only known to a few literary people; while it was only a few years ago that a cheap and successful edition of *Vathek* appeared; and Beckford's name as a collector is as well known as that of Mr. Tate, of Streatham. All these, however, are proofs (uncorrected though they be) of the good taste of the writer.

To the insatiable consumer of memoirs the hundred and more good anecdotes and stories scattered over these pages will be the chief attraction. Such as that of the lady who wrote "*Can you promise*, positively and *without fail*, to recite here (D.V.) on the 23rd of next month?" or that of Lord Houghton, who went to sleep while one of his own poems was being recited, and, when he awoke, asked who the author was. The accounts of various recitations at Lady Probyn's, Lady Pollock's, and at Sandringham, and the reminiscences of the many social, literary, and artistic people with whom the author has been thrown, are far more interesting than these sort of things usually are. Though slight sketches in some instances, none are trivial; and there is an entire absence of the back bed-room, "one who knew him," or modest friend style. It would, indeed, be difficult to find a book of memoirs so entirely free from irrelevant scandal and ill-natured tittle-tattle. No eminent names are mentioned without some point worthy of record. Of Macready there is a particularly good story, and of the celebrated Mrs. Fanny Kemble we are told a good deal that is new. She preferred, apparently, Garrick's version of *Romeo and Juliet* to the purer original now more or less familiar to the public from Mr. Irving's splendid production. Garrick, it may be remembered, returned to the *finale* in the novel of *La Giulietta*, by Luigi da Porto, where Romeo does not die until Juliet awakes from her trance. Mrs. Kemble considered this a finer end from a dramatic point of view. It certainly is; but to modern playgoers, as well as modern scholars, Garrick's restorations are only less horrible than Lord Grimthorpe's tinkering at St. Albans. But, as Mr. Harrison sagely remarks, an artist, be he painter, writer, actor, or reciter, can only appreciate fully his own art. Mr. Ruskin, he tells us, when judging of recitation, was interested only in its literary value. This is a great admission for a Ruskinite.

Mr. Clifford Harrison, however, is never so interesting, never so valuable, as when he is discussing recitation—"an art which," to use his own words, "has been so sorely injured by a fatal popularity." Who has not suffered from the reciter, from the humourist who imitates animals down to the little girl with frizzed hair and short frocks with her "Curfew shall not ring" and "The Revenge" all accompanied by appropriate or inappropriate

gestures? These, to quote Mr. Clifford Harrison again, "have added a new terror to society and a new danger to domestic furniture." Even the well-aimed satire of Mr. Anstey has not killed it. Mr. Clifford Harrison, more than any other artist perhaps, except Mr. Irving, has suffered from that imitation which the paradox-mongers have rightly termed the sincerest form of insult. Mr. Clifford Harrison, taking the pertinent text, "You can only teach those who know," lays down with admirable clearness some things "not generally known." Elocution cannot be taught. It is a natural gift, like other accomplishments. He also denounces, and rightly, the colloquial recitation now so popular. From the author's personal opinion there is a great deal besides to be learnt. Many will share with him the inability to remember the poems of Mr. Lewis Morris. We confess we have found difficulty in forgetting them. In Mr. Robert Browning he met with the most appreciative listener among literary men. He confesses that he cannot get on without applause. No public man, unless he be a saint, can do so, but few have the temerity to acknowledge it. He complains, too, of the cruel practice of following a reciter line for line from the book. But for this there is no remedy.

Stray Records is always amusing, always interesting, whether the author is talking about others, about himself, or the places he has visited. An index and table of contents would have considerably enhanced the value of the volumes as a book of reference.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE French people, which is somewhat *ondoyant et divers* in its ways, does not seem to have paid any particular attention to the tercentenary of Montaigne, which occurred the other day. But it has since, so it is said, unveiled a statue to Lessage at Vannes. We have not anywhere seen any account of the particular reasons of time or place for this celebration. Lessage was not born at Vannes, but at Sarzeau, which is twelve or fifteen miles distant. He did not die there, but at Boulogne. He certainly went to school under Jesuit instruction at the capital of the Morbihan; but no anecdotes of any importance, so far as we remember, attach to his school-life, nor does he seem to have had any particular affection for the Society which thus brought him up by hand. Nor, again, has the year '92 any correlation of date with his history. In fact, little or nothing except the fact of his guardian having robbed him is known of him till he married, two years later than 1692, and made that remarkable literary *début*—so unlike what he was to do afterwards—of translating Aristenetus in 1695. However, it is unnecessary to consider too curiously in such cases, and it is satisfactory that France—or at least Britanny; for these *Britanni* also are still a good deal *divisi* from their neighbours—should have done honour to this great writer. He has not, of late especially, had any superabundance of it from French hands. *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux*, with *Turcaret* less frequently, continue, indeed, to be reprinted in editions of luxury or economy, and the admirable play last named is sometimes, though rarely, acted. But there is no modern and thoroughly edited issue of his complete works, and few Frenchmen seem to write with real gusto about him. It has been suggested that this is because of his singular cosmopolitanism—and this may be—but until some one of the numerous students who are now doing such excellent work across the Channel follows up the statue with that monument better than many statues, a thoroughly satisfactory *édition définitive*, he will have received but maimed honours.

Not in the pages of M. le Marquis de Pimodan (1) shall you look for the eccentricities of the "new" poetry in France. His language is perfectly intelligible, which separates him from some "new" poets; there is nothing in it which an acute and pudibund telegraph operator could refuse to pass in England, which discriminates him very markedly from others; and he is quite content with the prosody of La Fontaine and Hugo, which serves as a fresh wall of partition between him and others, or the same. He tells in an agreeable preface how he was walking on the plateau of the Argonne, and surveying sites famous in French history and that of his own family, when he met a publisher, and, what is more, his own. Now, three courses were evidently open to M. de Pimodan. There was the heroic one, that applauded by Campbell in the otherwise wicked Emperor Napoleon, the course of shooting, hanging, or otherwise exterminating the publisher. There was the cowardly compromise of making the proper mystic signs of abhorrence, and passing by on the other side. There was the third, of being polite to the publisher, with or without ulterior

* *Stray Records*. By Clifford Harrison. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1892.

(1) *Poésies*. Par le Marquis de Pimodan. Paris: Champion.

ends. M. de Pimodan chose the third, with ulterior ends boldly avowed. He himself was, as we ourselves know from some good work of his, an historical writer, and M. Champion is an historical publisher chiefly; yet before they parted the Marquis had induced the publisher to undertake an edition of his, M. de Pimodan's, poems, and here is the first volume of them looking at us out of the pages. What is more, M. de Pimodan does not seem to us to have taken an unfair advantage of the amiability and local sentiment (for they were both Argonne men) of his natural enemy. His poems have considerable spirit, vigour, and ring. He is extremely patriotic, perhaps even a little Chauvinist, and confides to us that he "detests and admires" England. But what person of spirit would not rather be admired and detested (especially since nobody does really detest what he admires, though he often says he does) than be regarded with some affection and a good deal of contempt? And, besides the poems of patriotism, there are others—descriptive, meditative, religious, fantastic—which have merit.

School-books are now numerous. Mr. W. S. Lyon's *Intermediate French Translation Book* (London: Percival & Co.) contains a good number of pieces of fair length, selected sometimes from authors of the most recent date, such as Pierre Loti, M. de Mandat-Grancey, and the late M. Gabriel Charmes, and in no case going back more than forty or fifty years. The annotation is very plentiful and painstaking—some eighty pages of notes to about double that amount of text. These notes are both linguistic and material, and in both classes Mr. Lyon seems to be accurate in fact, while, with the exception of some dubious *obiter dicta* of opinion, they are also generally sound in meaning. But whether they are not unduly minute is another question. For ourselves, we doubt both the wisdom and possibility of giving a schoolboy a history in little of the war of 1870 in a note. But if it is to be done, it is done very well here. In the same series the general editor, Mr. Morich, has given an elaborate edition of Ponsard's *Charlotte Corday*, with notes almost more elaborate than Mr. Lyon's, a good excursus on the French Alexandreine, and introductions to each of the acts. Mr. Morich seems to have a rather higher idea of the play on which he has expended his care than we have; but there is no doubt that, if a class works thoroughly through his book, those members of it—probably the minority—who remember anything that they learn will have a very fair idea of the main events of the earlier Terror. His translations are sometimes very good, sometimes a little too paraphrastic.

Yet another collection, in the same series, of *Morceaux détachés*, by M. Vecqueray, still taken from contemporary authors, and intended for higher forms than Mr. Lyon's book, lies before us. The annotation is here much more restricted; the selection is good. In another publisher's similar series (London: Edward Arnold) we have *A First French Course*, by the practised hand of M. Boëlle, and *A First French Reader and Exercise Book*, by Mr. W. J. Greenstreet. Both seem well adapted to their purpose; but, being elementary, call for less notice.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

BRIEF sketches illustrative of social customs and manners in the good old times make up the anecdotic volume which Mr. William Andrews has entitled *Bygone England* (Hutchinson & Co.), the material of which is drawn from rare or little read books, and old periodicals such as *The Gentleman's Magazine*. Many are the subjects of interest introduced in this chatty book. There is a talk about tea, and there is some gossip concerning coffee. The fashions and pastimes of our ancestors are very variously illustrated. The origin of the sedan chair and the rise and progress of the umbrella are discussed in odd association with the art of body-snatching and the delights of bull-baiting and cock-fighting. Altogether, Mr. Andrews has contrived to impart a pleasant antiquarian flavour to his miscellany of odd and ancient quotations.

The new volume of *The English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan & Co.) presents as many aspects of interest to the general reader as any of its predecessors. The descriptive articles are as interesting, and even more varied in scope, than heretofore, while all are admirably illustrated. In fiction the volume is particularly well supplied, and it seems it is the short story that is advancing in favour. In this popular section we note contributions by Mr. Henry James, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. W. E. Norris, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Mr. W. Clark Russell, and other practised writers.

That the second series of Mr. Anstey's *Voces Populi* (Longmans & Co.) is an exceedingly diverting book, very cleverly illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge, is a conclusion from which no reader

is likely to dissent. It is altogether as delightful as the first series, and the commendation of the one implies that of the other. We hear much of realism in the drama and in fiction, but very much more convincing is the realism of these exquisite dialogues, wherein the manners and speech of the British public are reproduced with unimpeachable fidelity.

Edited by Mr. Robert Barclay is *A Batch of Golfing Papers*, by Andrew Lang and others (Simpkin & Co.), with an engaging preface by the editor, who remarks, concerning the too abundant literature of Golf, that "happily Golf is not always taken seriously; in fact, most Golf is humorous—in many cases ludicrous." Mr. Lang's papers certainly are less scientific than diverting. Among his playful imaginings we have "The Chelah's Round"—a pleasing fantasy—and "Herodotus in St. Andrews," an apologue of becoming gravity and inventiveness. But the crowning example of the series is not "Socrates on the Links," but "Dr. Johnson." This is a charming and persuasive episode, and in perfect sympathy with the *Tour in the Hebrides*.

A fearsome pursuit Golf will be in the future, according to the visions set forth in *Golf in the Year 2000*, by J. A. C. K. (Fisher Unwin). Self-registering clubs, patent revolving niblicks, and other strange devices are revealed to the astonished golfer who revives from a century trance to find that Golf has moved with the moving times. That this same golfer should win a game in these new circumstances is perhaps more incredible than anything in the story.

The series of pocket volumes known as the "Climber's Guides," edited by Messrs. W. M. Conway and W. A. B. Coolidge, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is, it seems, to be a real series, complete and comprehensive, having passed the experimental phase of its first two volumes. Such, at least, is the information given by Mr. Conway's preface to *The Lepontine Alps*, which, with the companion book, *The Dauphine Central Alps*, by Messrs. Coolidge, Duhamel, and F. Perrin, has made a timely and reassuring appearance this season. The series, it is announced, will now embrace guides to all the divisions and ranges of the Alps from east to west, and will be addressed to a larger public than was at first contemplated. This is good news for all climbers, and not clubmen only, as it would be nothing less than a calamity that a series so admirably designed and so authoritative should not be developed fully, and reap the success it deserves.

From Messrs. A. & C. Black we have the ninth edition of *O'Shea's Guide to Spain and Portugal*, edited and revised by Mr. John Lomas, with map, plans, and illustrations.

In the excellent "Through Guide" series we have a new edition of *The Eastern Counties* (Dulau & Co.), revised and enlarged by C. S. Ward, M.A., with numerous maps and plans, admirably executed by Mr. John Bartholomew.

Flying Visits, by Harry Furniss (Arrowsmith), is a collection of illustrated articles contributed to *Black and White*, descriptive and depictive of the humours of watering-places, certain North-country towns, and the capitals of Scotland and Ireland. Both text and drawings are in Mr. Furniss's happiest vein. Indeed, a better companion the railway passenger could not have than this cheerful volume.

Mr. H. Knight Horsfield's sketches in prose and verse, *In the Green-Room* (Eden, Remington, & Co.), are also collected from periodicals, chiefly of a sporting character, and make up a volume that may beguile readers who like light and varied stories told with brevity and point.

Spiritualism and theosophy form the staple of Mr. Joseph Hocking's romance *Zillah* (Ward, Lock, & Co.). Not much, however, is offered to the expectant reader in the way of insight into the mysteries. But if the *arcana* are still hid, the story is not without a certain briskness of movement that carries us along.

Ronald the Fusilier, by F. M. Peacock (Gale & Polden), is a short story, told with the excellent spirit that usually distinguishes Captain Peacock's military novelettes.

A social democrat is the hero in *Felix Holt Secundus*, by A. M. (Scott). His story is set forth in sections by "our special"—an inconvenient and confusing form, by the way—and ranges from Oxford college to Queensland and Japan. He is a very distempered youth, this social democrat, and rages terribly against aristocrats. The inscription on the banner of his hope is "Democracy and the schoolmaster," as he meditates upon his "poor, wretched, caste-ridden, mamon-driven old country" in the "eucalyptic cloisterdom" of Australia, where he is employed as "help" at a cattle station. Here, it chances, a lady arrives—"these aristocrats are fine in their way," he is compelled to admit as he considers her charms. And she is amazed by the discovery that he reads Russian, quotes *Eschylus*, sings divinely, and rides like a Centaur or a Paladin. Of course he saves her life, and

[September 24, 1892.]

long before the end you anticipate the magnanimous sacrifice of the representative of the Sacred People.

A Song Book of the Soul, by Margery G. J. Kinloch (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), is a collection of verse more varied in style and aim than the somewhat ambitious title denotes. The devotional verse is marked by sincerity and refinement, and in the domestic pieces and lays of homely inspiration a not less pleasing simplicity of style is to be noted. But the two kinds of verse are very different, and somewhat arbitrarily combined in the same book.

Colonel Colomb's *Bluestockings* (Allen & Co.) is freely adapted from the *Femmes Savantes* of Molière, written in rhymed heroic verse neatly turned, and should prove an actable play in the hands of capable amateurs.

From Messrs. Cassell & Co. we have the first part of a new illustrated serial, *Old and New Paris*, by H. Sutherland Edwards, put forth as the "most popular, complete, and fully-illustrated history of the French capital ever published," which is tolerably large claim to make. However, this first instalment promises well. The woodcuts are good, and the map of Paris is drawn to a useful scale and is very legible.

Among new editions we have *A Practical Guide to Photographic and Photo-mechanical Printing*, by W. K. Burton, revised throughout (Marion & Co.); *Hush!* a novel, by Curtis Yorke (Jarrold & Sons); *Club Cameos* (Ward & Downey); and a revised edition of *The Messing of the Soldier*, dealing with the new system of military cooking (Gale & Polden).

We have also received Part XII. of the new illustrated edition of *A Short History of the English People*, by J. R. Green (Macmillan & Co.); *Vaccination and Smallpox*, by Dr. E. J. Edwardes (Churchill), a plea for compulsory revaccination; *Statistical Year-Book of Canada* for 1891, by Sidney C. D. Roper (Ottawa: Government Printing Bureau); the *Annual Report* of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; *Easy French Dialogues*, by Henri Bué (Hachette & Co.); *French Composition*, by Ch. Grandgent (Boston: Heath & Co.); *Italian Composition*, by Carlo Scotti (Hirschfeld); *Xenophon's Anabasis*, Book V., edited for the use of schools, by the Rev. G. H. Nall, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Blurs and Blottings*, by "Daven," a miscellany of verse (Simpkin & Co.); *La Belle Nièvraise*, translated by R. Routledge from the French of Alphonse Daudet, with the illustrations by Montégut (Fisher Unwin); *Algebraic Factors*, by J. Abbot Jarman (Macmillan & Co.); Freytag's *Aus dem Jahrhundert des grossen Krieges*, edited by R. J. Morich, "Advanced Texts" of modern German series (Percival & Co.); and a new revised edition of Barnard Smith's *Arithmetic for Schools*, by W. H. H. Hudson, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.).

Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes to us to disclaim the "editorship" of the new issue of *Alton Locke* on which we recently commented. Mr. Kernahan merely supplied the introduction.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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LYCEUM.—THE BELLS, This Saturday Night, September 24. Matinée, Mr. Henry Irving. Preceded by THE KING AND THE MILLER at Eight. KING HENRY VIII., Saturday next, October 1, and following Evenings at Eight o'clock. Cardinal Wolsey. Mr. IRVING. Queen Katharine. Miss ELLEN TERRY.—Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 till 5.—LYCEUM.

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